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# THE ROTARIAN



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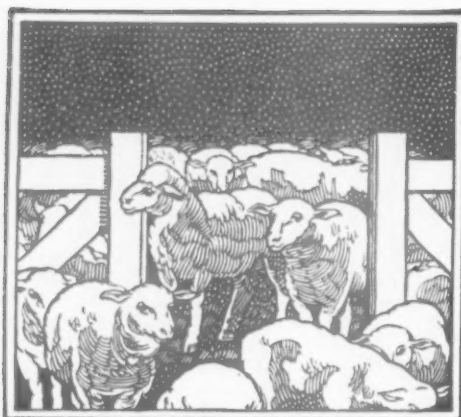
*The Eiffel Tower*  
PARIS



NOVEMBER 1926 • 25 CENTS

IN THIS NUMBER: Richard Le Gallienne—Elmer T. Peterson—Will Irwin  
George S. Chappell—Yusuke Tsurumi—Paul P. Harris—John W. Odlin

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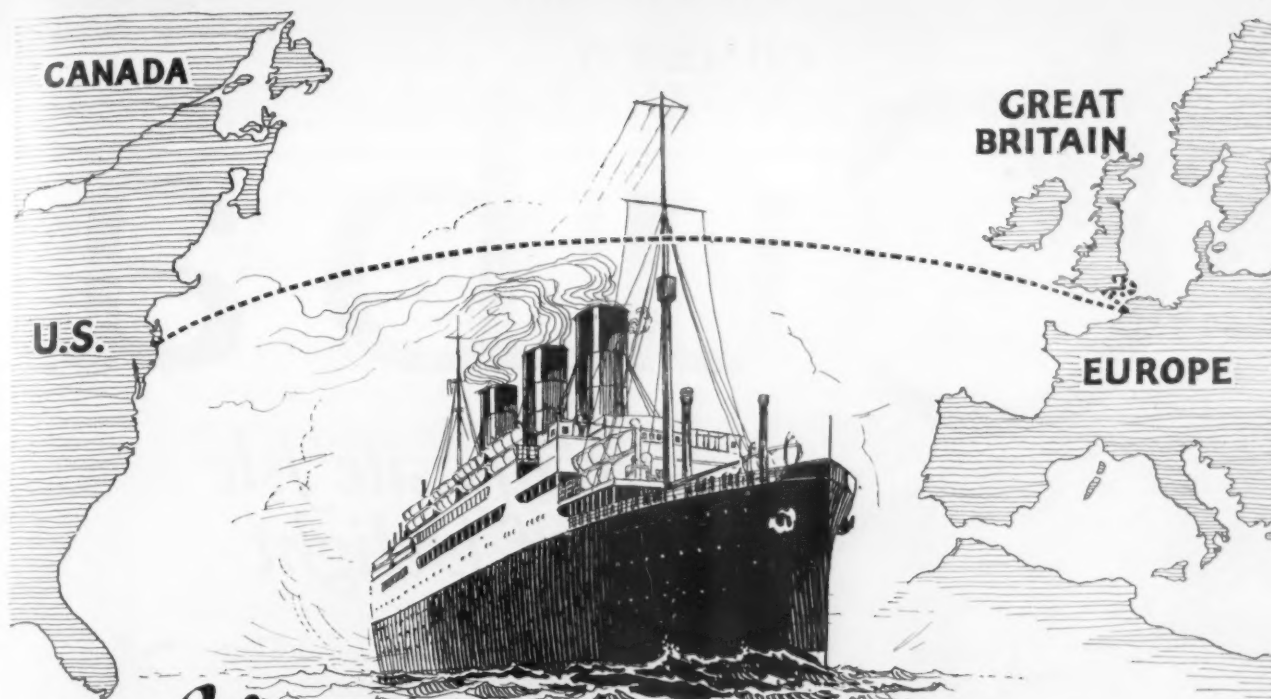
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Mr. Wm. H. Bishop  
 12-1927

# The ROTARIAN

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THANKSGIVING DAY is now generally celebrated throughout the United States as a day of thanksgiving and mirth. It falls on the last Thursday of November and has been recommended by Presidential proclamation since 1863. While the present custom originated with the Pilgrim Fathers, its history can be traced back to ancient times. Some Canadian provinces observe Thanksgiving on Monday of the week in which November 11th occurs.



Illustration by  
Gaar Williams

## Thanksgiving Day

By ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

DELECTABLE scents and much mixing of batter,  
His Majesty Turkey supreme on the platter,  
Resplendently roasted,  
With marshmallows toasted—  
The kitchen resounding with jubilant clatter.

Exuberant urchins down banisters sliding  
Or prowling for goodies that Ma keeps in hiding,  
While Father, indulgent,  
His visage effulgent,  
The carving knife wields as the chairman presiding.

Omnivorous children, unseeing, unheeding,  
Forgetful of manners, deportment and breeding,  
Reach out 'cross the table  
As far as they're able  
For white meat and drumsticks, incessantly pleading.

The snapping of wish-bones, the making of wishes,  
The plates in the sink where the hot water swishes,  
The smoke of Havanas,  
For Mother—hosannas  
And volunteer dryers to help with the dishes.

The boon of contentment in generous measure,  
A banquet that even Lucullus would treasure,  
The glow of good living—  
But what of thanksgiving?  
Incongruous note in this pursuit of pleasure!

# *This Month's Editorial*

## *Nations and Individuals*

*By James Brown Scott*

**M**OST of the misunderstanding among people we know arises largely from ignorance of other people's views and thoughtlessness in expressing our own. It is natural that we should not know the views of others unless we come into contact with them, and a casual meeting is not enough to appreciate the views of others at their just value. We should meet them often and enter into serious discussion of one subject or, better still, of many subjects.

People sometimes carry their hearts, as we say, on the sleeve, but usually our real thoughts and views do not lie upon the surface. It is only when we are drawn out and when confidence is inspired that we venture to express them. We should therefore have some interest in common in order to learn to know one another as we really are and to exchange our intimate views and confidences.

Meeting in the course of business, discussing questions of industry and commerce, production and manufacture, will begin a friendship which may ripen into intimacy, and our views on other questions will then begin to make their appearance. Knowledge has displaced ignorance, and understanding comes into being.

It is the same thing, only on a large scale, with nations.

If we look at our daily contacts, and of an evening think of the happenings of the day, we will sometimes be aware of thoughtless expressions on our part, more often on the part of others, which we ourselves would wish not to have said, and which, if said, we should criticise in others.

And for the most part these things are said without reflection. If we had considered before we spoke we would have avoided

them, and if we should meet on the morrow we would, if we be animated by good-will, endeavor to give to the conversation such a turn that we might come back upon our steps as it were and modify without necessarily recalling the thoughtless remark.

Often, however, we do not meet on the morrow. We have already gone our different ways, and the seed of misunderstanding is sown.

If we were obliged to meet as we are in industry, in commerce and in trade, the opportunity would be forthcoming, and the misunderstanding of a moment corrected by an understanding for the future.

It is so with nations. The unfortunate expression causes bad feeling, and unless the opportunity of correcting it presents itself relations become strained.

Nations, however, cannot act of themselves, but only by their citizens or subjects. If they come into contact with those of other nations, if there is an interest bringing them together, such as industry or commerce, and if they learn to know one another and to appreciate one another, their influence will count for the good understanding of their respective nations.

The more the citizens and subjects of different countries meet on the common ground of business, the better they learn to know one another, and with knowledge comes understanding.

Without good-will, however, nothing is possible; with good-will, everything is possible.

Through contact and through understanding, friendship and good-will are begotten, and we are assured on the highest authority that peace, so necessary in every walk of life and between nations, is only promised to men and women of good-will.





"Why my bed should be the best for spreading patterns on is a mystery, but married life is full of little things like that."

## Family Versus Home

### *Phases of a Conflict Which Often Exists*

"HOME and Family" are commonly coupled. They are notes in the scale of life which, supposedly, harmonize and form the sweet chord of Domesticity. To a large extent this is true. The words still evoke a picture not unlike the old Currier and Ives print, "Reading the Scriptures," which portrays the family gathered about their bearded sire who reads the Good Book by the light of the evening lamp. And there are still many families which convene of an evening in this same spirit, though the title of the scene would probably be "Listening-in on KDKA."

It is distinctly heartening the way the home-and-family idea persists despite periodic urgings for its abolition by advanced students of our social structure. It may be sad but parents as a rule insist on preferring to bring up their own children instead of handing them over to the State and as long as this prejudice . . . for it is nothing more . . . exists, the Family will continue to be a more important social unit than the Free Thought League or the State Motherhood Movement.

I may be old fashioned but I am not entirely sorry that this is so. I have

*By George S. Chappell*

*Illustrations by R. M. Brinkerhoff*

a family of my own and in spite of the problems inherent in their maintenance I am partial to them. They tolerate me quite pleasantly. Our occasional differences . . . and what family that is not a slave-gang is without them? . . . are like those of the Chinese "tongs"—fierce, but family affairs, settled within our own circle.

And yet, as I stand now, in *medias res*, with my offspring growing about me, over me, in fact . . . for my son tops me by several inches . . . I realize that, in certain ways, a struggle is going on between the family and the very home I would maintain for them. When I speak of "home" in this connection I refer not to the spiritual ideal but to the material fact, the Thing itself, in other words to the house which they and I occupy. I suspect that there are thousands of other parents confronted with a similar problem.

Our house is a modest, suburban affair which has grown middle-aged along with me. It is beginning to develop symptoms of curling-of-the-

shingles and cracking-of-the-stucco. The porch posts have a touch of what might be eczema, if not leprosy. I have consulted specialists in these matters on the cost of repairing the ravages of time and, upon receipt of their estimates, I have sat me down to consider darkly whether I should commit suicide or go to the movies. It is at such times that the struggle between Home and Family stand out in high relief, if such a picture can be called a "relief."

The truth is that for every physical repair and item of maintenance needed by the house there is an alternate expenditure demanded for the physical and mental maintenance of the family itself. It is the family man, and perhaps even more, the family woman, who, during this strenuous period, must make thousands of decisions between the two. When the house needs shingles the family needs shoes. When the porch cries for paint the son-and-heir must have pants. The question of clothes is always with us. It is only one of the phases of the battle, a battle that is not without its excitement. Perhaps I will be pardoned if I digress long enough to describe how we cope with the clothes question in

order to have enough left over to do some of the things that simply *must* be done to the house.

Our family, numerically, is four, a son and three daughters, which one of my friends calls "a busted full-house." Be that as it may, my wife and I have decided that the house is full enough as it is. The children are growing up. So are their needs. It is no longer possible to shop in the juvenile departments for miniature suits or to purchase interchangeable garments in quantity lots. When I see suits or dresses advertised "From \$16.00 Up," believe me, I know what the "up" means! Yea, verily. . . .

Clothes, for the girls, mean a complicated campaign. The smart shops are beyond us . . . ask the credit man, he knows!

. . . and though I report from time to time that I have seen in some of the smaller places dresses, reasonably priced, that "looked good to me" I am withered by four glances at once. I am told that they "wouldn't do at all," that they are "terrible!" In other words it is intimated that I would do better to shinny on my own side. So I have learned to hold my tongue while I watch with interest the home-fabrication of suitable garments. We "roll our own," so to speak.

Step one is the dating up of the seamstress. This is not as simple as it sounds. Ladies who "sew out" in a suburban community are rare birds. The knowledge of their existence is craftily concealed from the neighbors lest they filch her precious time. Our sewing-lady is a Miss Wallace. She wears gold-rimmed spectacles and a hunted look, as well she may, poor wretch, for hers is a harrowing existence, telephoned-to, threatened, badgered and cajoled by importunate



"As to style, who am I to dictate to the younger generation?"

women! And who so ruthless as a woman in search of a seamstress?

When Miss Wallace is contracted for and her definite "days" are set down, with a death penalty for non-appearance, an intensive study is made of fashion magazines and costume designs. My daughters have reached the age of self-determination in clothes which begins, with females, at twelve. This leads to unlimited discussion and they often get as cross with each other as if they were grown-up. But the designs are finally agreed on and the patterns are purchased and spread out on my bed. Why my bed should be the best for spreading patterns on is a mystery, but married life if full of little things like that. It is the same way with my private nail-scissors. They are peculiarly adapted for cutting-out things. Even my razors . . . but let us get back to our patterns.

I have had a lot of experience with building plans but I admit frankly that these clothes diagrams are beyond me. I have sometimes thought that in my old age, if all else failed, I could go out as a "sewing man," . . . the profession is the only one I know of that is not overcrowded . . . and then I have looked at some of these patterns and said, "No, George, it is not your line." The humiliating thing is that my wife, and even the children, seem to understand them. Personally, I would no more think of cutting into a piece of virgin material with only a pattern to guide me than I would of cutting off the head of my youngest born, a brilliant child who is said to take after her father.

It is some comfort to know that Miss Wallace is not entirely sure of her ability to properly follow the dotted lines. She has been known to make hideous errors. Willing but witless, she listens with bird-like attention while my wife explains. "O yes, I understand," she says. But she doesn't. There have been tragedies. Cries of horror have rung through our upper floor when an evening inspection has shown "what Miss Wallace has done!" So, during the cutting-out process, my wife, with the mien of a mother eagle, hovers over Miss Wallace's chair lest a too-deep incision inflict a mortal wound and as I sit by, watching the absurdly shaped pieces fall to the floor, I feel as if the chances of my family's being modishly clad were being snipped by the shears of an irrevocable Fate.

(Continued on page 66)



"Cries of horror have rung through our upper floor when an evening inspection has shown 'what Miss Wallace has done!'"

# Mental Disarmament

## An Examination Into Its Possibilities

By Elmer T. Peterson

**O**NE of the curious manifestations of human nature is the incurable urge to reform and recreate society *en masse*.

The urge to reform and recreate generally is laudable. Even the mass program is customarily regarded with indulgent and kindly eye, but it is often disappointing as to results.

Analyzed to its elemental atoms, the world-peace problem is found to appear baffling and apparently unsolvable because of the habit of people to regard it as a problem necessarily involving a mass program. Thus results mental astigmatism.

At first glance the world-peace problem would seem to be necessarily one involving a mass program, for it is concerned with whole nations, with armies, navies, political parties, blocs. It would seem that war, being a mass enterprise, must be cured by wholesale methods. It is perfectly natural that peace advocates should think of group mechanics.

But war, partially because of its false glamour, has a deceptive appearance. It is too often considered an impersonal or abstract phenomenon. Doctrinaires talk glibly of the "war system" being a failure, when, as a matter of fact, there is no more system to the elementals of war than there is system in hatred or suspicion.

Deeper analysis discloses the inescapable fact that the war spirit springs from feelings which are just as individual and personal as the feelings of personal anger, hate, spite, pride, covetousness, vanity, charity, or altruism. It is true that group psychology is necessary to carry war out of the realm of mentality into the realm of action. But the seeds of war are planted in the individuals as prerequisite long before group psychology is called upon to consummate the phenomenon.

The reader may wonder what this has to do with Rotary. I hope to demonstrate the connection with all possible clearness before this article is finished, and to show that Rotary International holds the potentialities of a unique and effective world-peace mechanism.

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**W**ORLD PEACE, like good government in cities and nations, is an edifice that must be built patiently, block by block, beam by beam, with each part tested, even to the foundations. It cannot be waved into magic existence by mass formula. The foundations of world peace are composed of innumerable individuals, and Rotary International, with its multitude of individual contacts, is in position to mould some of the blocks and beams for the imposing edifice that may some time arise.

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—ELMER T. PETERSON.

The mass theory of bringing world peace was impressed most forcibly upon my mind last spring when I was privileged to attend the National Conference on International Problems and Relations at Briarcliff, N. Y., which was held under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and the Academy of Political Science.

At this meeting the disarmament phase of the general peace movement was especially stressed, and it was threshed out from every conceivable point of view, by eminent Americans, Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Swiss, Bulgarians, Greeks, Czechs and representatives of other nationalities. These men were prominent professors, editors, authors, publicists and business men, and the program disclosed such conspicuous names as those of Elihu Root, Nicholas Murray Butler, H. Wilson Harris, Georges Lechartier, Samuel McCune Lindsay, Manley O. Hudson, Edwin E. Slosson, James T. Shotwell, General Tasker H. Bliss, Dr. F. G. Boudreau, Franz Schneider, Jr., Zedenek Fierlinger, Prof. L. Mises, Simeon Radeff and many others who have made exhaustive studies of the peace problem and of practical business.

If the impression of an average newspaper man, which I claim to be, can be trusted, the preponderant conclusion from the discussions of the four-day conference must have been that disarmament in its most comprehensive sense is impossible. It was a somewhat

surprising conclusion, to be sure, but honest. The participants in the conference made a sincere effort to face the facts, whatever they might be.

To illustrate this perhaps bizarre conclusion, let me refer to the remarks of Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, author of several excellent books on scientific and other subjects and director of Science Service at Washington.

In brief his statement was that since wars of the future will be waged largely, perhaps chiefly, by chemicals, there is no way of defining disarmament, much less limiting it. "Phosgene gas can be made as easily as intoxicating liquor," he said. "Nitro-glycerin can be made in a kitchen with ordinary utensils." He pointed out that most of the important chemicals likely to be used in warfare are essential to peaceful industrial life, hence their manufacture cannot be restricted.

**T**HEN, as if to supplement this argument, Edward P. Warner, professor of aeronautics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, pointed out that bombers can be readily made from heavy commercial airplanes and there is no important difference between military aircraft and planes used for commercial purposes. Therefore it is difficult to understand how air armament can be effectually limited without trespassing upon legitimate commercial fields.

Chemicals and airplanes—the war-makers of the future! And to think that their production cannot be materially curbed!

The clincher to this line of argument was furnished by General John F. O'Ryan, late Major General and Commander of the Twenty-seventh Division in the World War, who said that wars are born in the hearts of men before they reach the stage of shellfire, trench-digging, gas-spraying, and infantry charges, and there can be no effective disarmament unless the will to make war is first destroyed.



What is armament? It is obvious that the ordinary conception of that term is highly superficial and illusory. The more the question was discussed the more remote became the answer. It was pointed out, furthermore, that in modern warfare the concerted action of the civilian population in producing, conserving, and transporting raw materials may be even more important than the handling of warships or field guns. It was pointed out that the production of foodstuffs and various raw materials may constitute the process of armament in fact. Then it follows that the mere excellence of agriculture and commerce may be a potential threat to peace. And that is what the professor of philosophy would call *reductio ad absurdum*. If a nation can threaten the peace of the world by laying stress on agriculture, the most peaceful of all pursuits, surely there is something wrong with the logic of the fabric somewhere. In fact, a few days later at Geneva the Dutch delegates in the preparatory disarmament conference gravely raised the point that "pigs are armament," in contradistinction to the theory that "pigs is pigs," and that the only way that conference could arrive at any basis for calculating armament was by setting up arbitrary standards.

An interesting sidelight of the Briarcliff conference was the inference dropped by an occasional speaker to the effect that Americans should be cosmopolitan and broad in their points of view. But many of these same speakers were strong for their own nationalisms.

It was universally agreed that legitimate armament is only that which is purely defensive. But here again is an obstacle. A French air fleet that might be purely defensive with respect to the United States, which is across the ocean, might be so large as to be considered offensive with respect to England, which is across a narrow channel. The size of all defensive armament therefore is variable and relative, depending upon which country is considered a potential enemy. And obviously the potential enemy of any given country is a variable quantity.

These are only a few of the hopeless obstacles to a satisfactory definition of armament and the laying down of a peace program conditioned upon disarmament.

We therefore return to General O'Ryan's simple and understandable thesis. We dodge the impasse. We get away from the unworkable mass program of peace to the wellsprings of human conduct which are in the individuals that compose nations.

The other day there was again emphasized to me the point that we have too long been regarding nations and countries simply as nations and countries, not thinking of individual persons who make up the different groups. Rotary, it was pointed out, is bringing the average business man of another country not to regard France simply as France, but in terms of certain business or professional men in that country whom he has come to know exceedingly well.

Aye, there's the rub!

The world-peace problem should not

be a problem of a mass program, after all. In approaching it (and I am writing from the standpoint of an American or Australian or a citizen of any other country) we must not regard France as a strange, far-off entity, but as a number of individuals with individual minds open to impulses of love, hate, envy, charity, and all the other human emotions.

Composites of emotions are practically meaningless. When the world, in the black days of 1914, was talking about "hymns of hate," those hymns, it should be remembered, were not directed against individuals, except rarely in a symbolic sense, but against mere impersonal names representing whole nations. That was effective war psychology. Translate hate into a feeling toward the individual in the other trench, who has a wife and child at home—who loves and is loved, labors, sweats, fears, hopes, "sees sunset glow"—and hate fades away. It is the impersonal hate that is capitalized by war lords and imperialists. The individuals in the opposing trenches fraternize and trade tobacco, and yet, under the spell of the old war illusion, they keep up impersonal warfare. The spell can be broken by thinking in terms of individuals.

ROTARY, with its innumerable international contacts, has the facilities to bring about the personal friendship and acquaintanceship among individuals of different nations upon which lasting peace must be conditioned, if it ever comes to a tired world. The inter-city meetings so popular in the United States may eventually have counterparts in the world field. The inter-nation meetings may bring peoples closer together by personal friendships, by the discussion of comparative business methods, by conventions.

It is the personal friendship springing up between individuals in the nations and destroying provincialism that will eventually weaken the war spirit and perhaps eventually eradicate it.

This spirit of friendship, of course, is the fulfillment of the ideal prophesied by Micah and Isaiah, but I have found, in listening to numerous sermons in re-

(Continued on page 53)



Photo: Reed-Werts, Wichita, Kans.

Elmer T. Peterson is the editor of the Wichita (Kansas) *Beacon* and a keen student of social and political problems. He is a member of the Rotary Club of Wichita, Kansas—one of the first clubs to appoint a Sixth Object Committee with the idea of devising ways and means to make "the advancement of international understanding" more than mere phraseology.

# Problems With Which You and I Have to Contend

By C. D. Garretson

Chairman of the Business Methods Committee of Rotary International

THE Business Methods Committee of Rotary International has suggested to the Business Methods committee of your club that it study the unfair and unethical practices which may exist in the various trades and professions active in the community. A brief survey has been suggested as the basis for such study. This survey, it should be noticed, is not an investigation into your own personal practices but rather an effort to determine what unfair or unethical practices may exist, for one reason or another, in your trade or profession as a whole—to learn what problems you, as a Rotarian, are struggling with in your craft and are meeting. To make this survey, the Business Methods committee of your club must have your assistance and cooperation. The questions which it is suggested should be asked of each member of the club are:

## 1. RELATIONS BETWEEN EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE

Please name any practices encountered in this relationship in your vocation which you consider unfair or questionable.

## 2. RELATIONS BETWEEN BUYER AND SELLER

Please give us what you consider to be unfair or questionable practices encountered in buying and in selling in your vocation (this applies as well to the professions,—professional men buying information and equipment and selling services).

## 3. RELATIONS BETWEEN COMPETITORS

Will you please tell us what you consider causes of unfriendly feeling or distrust existing among those in your vocation.

## 4. TRADE AND PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATIONS

Is there a national association of your trade or profession?

Are you a member of it?

If not a member, would you like to state why?

If a member, but not active, what is the reason for inactivity.

This survey is designed to show first, how practically all crafts and professions have many problems in common, a fact which we may not realize. It also furnishes your Business Methods committee



C. D. Garretson

with material for discussion at your club meetings on Business Methods.

The information given by you is absolutely secret, as the survey blanks are not signed, and your name or the name of your firm cannot and will not be used in any way.

I believe there is no question asked in this survey which is objectionable. We certainly, many times in talking among ourselves, give our opinions of what are unfair practices in our crafts, so we should not object to putting them in writing. Also it will be good exercise for each one of us to pass our business under the microscope, and re-discover some of the things, with which we have come in contact so often, that maybe we have ceased to regard them as unethical.

Having tabulated the returns, your Business Methods committee will then bring up for discussion at your club meetings, some of the more prevalent unfair practices.

This brings our Business Methods programs right down to the practical things you are struggling with.

Wouldn't you like to know whether another man in another line of business than yours, agrees that the practice you think is unfair, is or is not?

Wouldn't you like to hear how some other craft or profession has corrected the unethical practice with which you are struggling every day?

Won't such meetings help you to crystallize your opinions on what are, and what are not, ethical standards in business or professions?

Perhaps at some meeting a suggestion may be given which will be of help to you in your business or, better still, perhaps you can be of help to someone who is discouragingly plodding through a business mire.

Business is getting better every day, but there are still many steps ahead for each one of us. Every step ahead we take makes it easier for someone else. It is therefore a real Rotary service to help wherever we can, and it is such service which the Business Methods Committee of Rotary International is asking you to give.

# Loot

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

Illustrations by Harley Ennis Stivers

Photographs by the Author

"THE Ming Tombs are even worse than the Great Wall! The donkey yesterday jolted me to pieces, but three hours and a quarter in this horrible sedan-chair has ground me to powder! If the Ming Emperors chose to be buried in such an inaccessible spot, they don't deserve any visitors."

Isabel laughed, and her pretty laugh made the petulance vanish from her words, and brought an answering smile to Finley's lips. Her coloring, so rich that it reminded him of the lusciousness of ripe fruit, had caused him to suggest that there might be an Andalusian strain in her blood. Pleased by the fancy, she had changed the spelling of her name to Ysobel. Her mother had been chidden so often for forgetting it that she had a nervous way of calling her daughter "Yizobel," as if to prove that she was remembering.

A groan from the sedan-chair behind was all the reply that her over-plump mother was able to make now, and even her usually acquiescent father protested crossly:

"Your mother wanted to go straight back to Peking this morning, with all the packing she has to do, but you objected to it. You were bent on seeing these old tombs. Up and down hill for miles in a sedan-chair was your notion of a joy ride, not mine."

Noticing the girl's quick flush at her father's words, Finley came to the rescue: "Think how pampered you are to be carried at all on the 'Spirits' Road to the Tombs,' Mr. Parker! In the days of the Mings one had to dismount at the Great Red Gate and walk this way on foot. Isn't it some compensation to realize that in the Tablet House you ate ham sandwiches under the 'Columns Bearing the Sky' and cracked your hard-boiled egg against a Pillar of Victory?"

The Parkers were leaving the following day for Shanghai, where they were to take the steamer for San Francisco, and Isabel had liked the idea of this two-day trip at the end of their visit

to Peking, with only her father and mother, Finley and herself. Although Finley's infatuation was plainly to be discerned, especially by one experienced in symptoms of ardor, he had kept a curious guard on himself, and Isabel naturally resented it.

She had come to Peking two months before, on a tour of the Far East with her parents, and from the moment that he met her Finley felt as if he had been swept off his feet. He had never before believed that the sheer spell of beauty could prove so irresistible, so intoxicating. His friends looked on with interest, because his work, along with hard riding to keep himself in condition, had hitherto engrossed "old Doc."

Finley was a physician whose specialty was the diseases of children, and he had come under a four-year contract to the Rockefeller Foundation at Peking to study nutrition. He had found exceptionally interesting opportunities

and he had flung himself into his work with every ounce of his capacity and enthusiasm. His riding breeches invariably had lost a button or two at the knee, his hair had a way of looking as if he had rumpled it absent-mindedly, but his mouth had a whimsical twist, his voice was warm with good fellowship—and nobody really knew the man who had not seen him with a sick child.

This was the part of him which Isabel



"Lao San could not understand a word they were saying, but he hoped they were disputing as to which one should buy his treasure."

could not understand. It was incomprehensible to her that a man of thirty, with social position and a private fortune, should choose to "work like a coolie," as she phrased it. Money and position: why, the very words implied leisure and pleasure. Of course the woman who married him—if she had his real interest at heart—would gradually wean him away from a life of voluntary drudgery to leisurely and agreeable living.

"YIZOBEL, you don't say these are the stone figures you talked so much about?" groaned poor Mrs. Parker from her chair. "These huge, hideous things? I can't see anything the least attractive about enormous stone camels and elephants, myself."

"Ee cut sing' sto'. One tan for day, one sit for ni'." This piece of information was contributed by the "English-speaking guide"—whose particular



linguistic gift was to make the English language as monosyllabic as the Chinese.

"Each animal is cut from a single block of stone," Mr. Parker interpreted by means of his guide book. "You see they're in pairs. One stands for day and one sits for night. Looks pretty silly to me."

"Try and picture it as it used to be," suggested Finley to Isabel as he walked alongside her chair to stretch his legs. "This was their sacred way where the bodies of their emperors were carried, and now it's merely a rough path for chair-bearers. The Manchus neglected the tombs of their old enemies, and the republic hasn't the money to repair them. Can't you picture it as it was once—a broad avenue, beautifully cared for, with great trees over there and a lake with a camel's-back bridge in carved marble, and all of it stately and harmonious?"

Her velvety eyes lifted to his as she answered softly:

"I can imagine it when you tell me."

Her tone sent the blood pounding to Finley's temples. There was something else he had to tell her as soon as he could get her to himself, away from this absurd procession of four sedan-chairs with four bearers to each chair, the guide on a donkey, the luncheon bearer on another, and the boy attending him on foot! Isabel shouldn't go to Shanghai the next day; he had been a fool to hang back as he had done when she had been so generous and sweet in showing her preference for him. She must marry him and stay in Peking until his work there was done—it wasn't too late yet, thank God! Her father might bluster a little, but he always obeyed Isabel in the end.

The tired bearers deposited their burdens before the Dragon and Phoenix Gate. The guide led the way and Mr. and Mrs. Parker went sight-seeing in their accustomed manner; never deliberately, never of their own volition lin-



The fateful yellow tile with the serpent image.

gering over anything, yet highly suspicious if they found that anything was being omitted. Then, indeed, Mr. Parker would pound with his cane and demand fiercely: "Say, what's the matter with you, skipping things like that? You're to show the whole business and I'm to look at what I like."

IN the courtyard they passed a half-uprooted cedar, its heavy trunk on the ground but its remaining branches looking as vigorous as if the tree were growing normally.

"That's like China," Finley said, "Supine, yet still with that inherent capacity for growth and life. The tree will probably outlast the Ming Tombs, as China did the Mings. Bad to see that superb roof falling to pieces from the long neglect."

The girl scarcely seemed to hear, her eyes were bright and avid.

"I do love the roofs with the porcelain tiles. Such a gorgeous yellow! I perfectly adore loot, don't you? Something that people at home can't buy, no matter how much they are willing to pay! At the hotel this morning I saw several tiles but all of them were badly chipped. They have the Imperial Dragon playing with the pearl—the five-clawed one that nobody but emperors could use. Just imagine, the man asked only two dollars apiece!"

"Ee col' cut sing' tee tunk," the guide was explaining to bored Mrs. Parker, as they entered the great sacrificial hall dedicated to Yung-lo.

"Each of these columns is a single tree trunk," Finley translated to Isabel. "Magnificent, aren't they? I rather like them bare this way, though they must have been impressive in the old days when they were brilliant with gold and lacquer. Can't we cut away from the others for a while, Isabel? I haven't had you to myself a minute all day."

Hidden behind one of the columns, a small Chinese boy was watching them. From his impassive face no one would have guessed how wildly his heart was beating. For this was Lao San's great hour.

Everyone called him Lao San, Third

Brother, though his mother had a name which she alone called him and which meant "Little Happiness." He had two older brothers. One was a rickshaw boy who worked in Peking and who made all of twenty dollars a month—when he had a steady customer. Of this he had to pay six for the rent of his rickshaw, six he gave to his widowed mother, four went for his food, and there was a margin of four with which he must buy his clothes and keep himself clean and smart, or it would be harder to get customers. With an army of seventy thousand rickshaw boys in Peking, there was never work enough for all.

Second Brother helped his mother in the fields. They lived in one of the tiny villages between Nankou and the Ming Tombs. Of course he did not make such large sums as the rickshaw brother and so there had been great rejoicing when he happened to dig up a porcelain dragon near one of the Thirteen Tombs. He had showed it to a passing tourist who offered him five dollars for it and seemed highly pleased with his purchase.

Then little Lao San began to wonder how he could find something to sell to these rich people who came from far-off places. It was dragons they liked; so he had hidden in the courtyard



and climbed—for he was very active in spite of his twisted foot—to the roof of the temple and he had chosen with great care a perfect dragon tile and detached it.

Now he ventured from behind the column where he had been hiding for an hour. For a moment he was so terrified that he stood still. Then from under his ragged garment he drew out the yellow tile. The strange lady was giving a quick upward smile at the big man—but he held out his tile towards her. She snatched it from him.

"Oh, what a beauty! Absolutely not a scratch on it! How much?" She touched her purse.

Lao San held up five skinny little fingers. It was an amazing way to count but his rickshaw brother, who knew all there was to know of foreign ways, had told him the foreign devils counted with their fingers.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Isabel sharply. Finley hated to be around when she bargained; it seemed to bring out something cold and shrewd in her, something which reminded him of her father's favorite phrase of "getting his money's worth."

"It's an absurd price," she insisted. "Why, those at the hotel were only two."

"However, you said those were defaced," Finley reminded her. "Please, don't buy it from him, dear, you'll teach the kid to be a thief."

The physician's eye had noticed the twisted foot and the head covered with the scaly crust of ringworm, so prevalent among Chinese children, and he added, "He's pretty badly handicapped as it is."

Lao San could not understand a word that they were saying but he hoped they were disputing as to which one



"The broken body of the child seemed infinitely nearer to him than the girl could ever have been."

should buy his treasure. He gained enough confidence to look directly at the girl. He thought her very ugly with her big round eyes, not small and kind and twinkly like his mother's, and her white skin with the red spots on her cheeks, not at all a warm soft yellow like his mother's, and her feet on which she stood so straight, not like the tiny bound feet, no larger than a child's on which his mother toddled.

HOW his mother had praised Second Brother for his act of filial piety when he brought her the five dollars! If only he, the youngest, the one who could never grow to be a rickshaw boy because of his foot, if only he could bring his mother a great sum like that—his mother who worked so hard all day and on whose face he had never seen a cross look! When he thought

that she detested for men to make a fuss over nothing.

Taking from her purse a Chinese silver dollar, she offered it to the boy.

"That will get him. He probably never held as big a piece of money in his life."

Her surmise was quite correct. Lao San had never owned a dollar. If he refused this sum, perhaps nobody else would give as much.

Slowly, reluctantly, he surrendered the tile and took the dollar. There was no glow on his face, and to Finley's sympathetic eyes it was inscrutable no longer. It was sombre with the heavy disappointment of a child.

"Why do you need so much money?" he asked the boy kindly in his own tongue. But Lao San was inarticulate.

Isabel laughed triumphantly.

(Continued on page 50)

of her it was as if something swelled tight in his throat and he longed to help her. He did not know this feeling was love, because he had never heard of love.

The girl was talking to him now. She seemed to be very angry about something but he could do nothing but stare at her dumbly.

"Five's a ridiculous price! I'll give one, last price," she held up one finger. "Can catch plenty at hotel."

"You are teaching the child to be a thief," reiterated Finley steadily, the laughter gone from his eyes. "You are teaching him to be a lawbreaker. You are encouraging him to despoil the beautiful things of his own country and so you help to destroy his patriotism."

"All that," she said mockingly, "in one tiny piece of loot?"

She was more than ever determined to have her own way; she might as well show him now as later

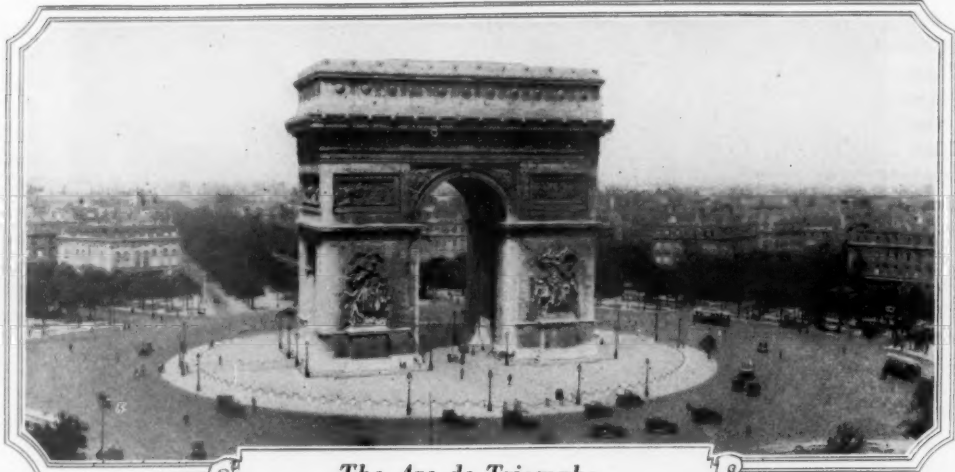


Photo: Ewing Galloway, N.Y.

*The Arc de Triomphe*

## *The Symbolic City ~ Par Excellence*

"The charm of Paris is indeed that of some old mansion, impregnated with humanity, made liveable and companionable by time, inspiringly haunted by its previous occupants, an old mansion to which a few modern conveniences have been added, and which loses nothing by "chauffage central" and electric light. No newly built house, however costly, can compare with such a ripened, humanised dwelling."

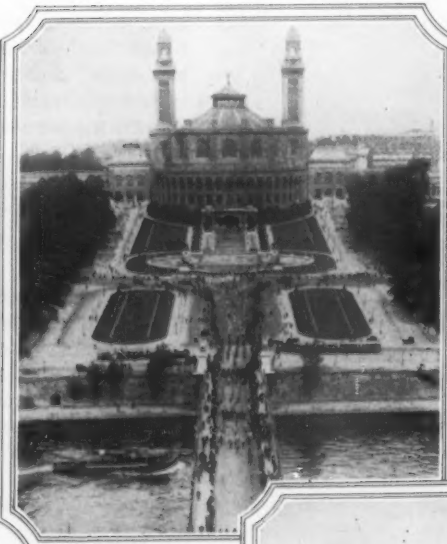


Photo: Ewing Galloway, N.Y.

After the Universal Exhibition of 1878 the Trocadéro remained as a memorial of the thousands of displays which attracted 13,000,000 visitors.



Photo: Publishers Photo Service, N.Y.

Marie Antoinette's hamlet and mill at Versailles where Nature has painted one of her masterpieces.

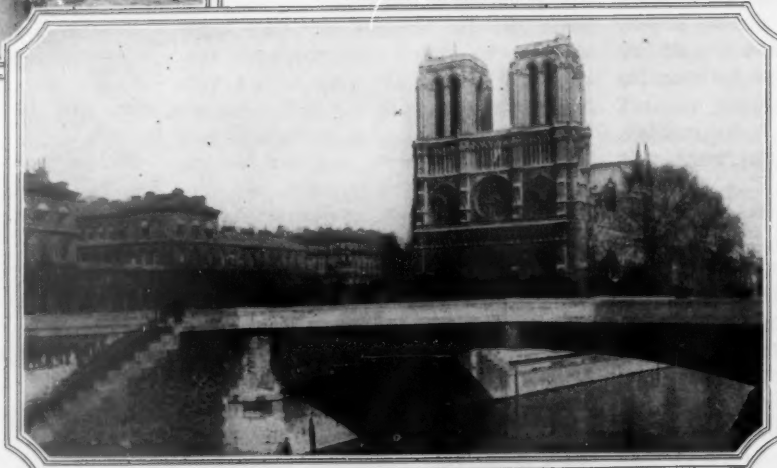


Photo: Publishers Photo Service, N.Y.

Notre Dame Cathedral, completed about 1240, shelters many notable works of art. It was commenced in the time of Louis VII when France saw the beginnings of Gothic architecture.



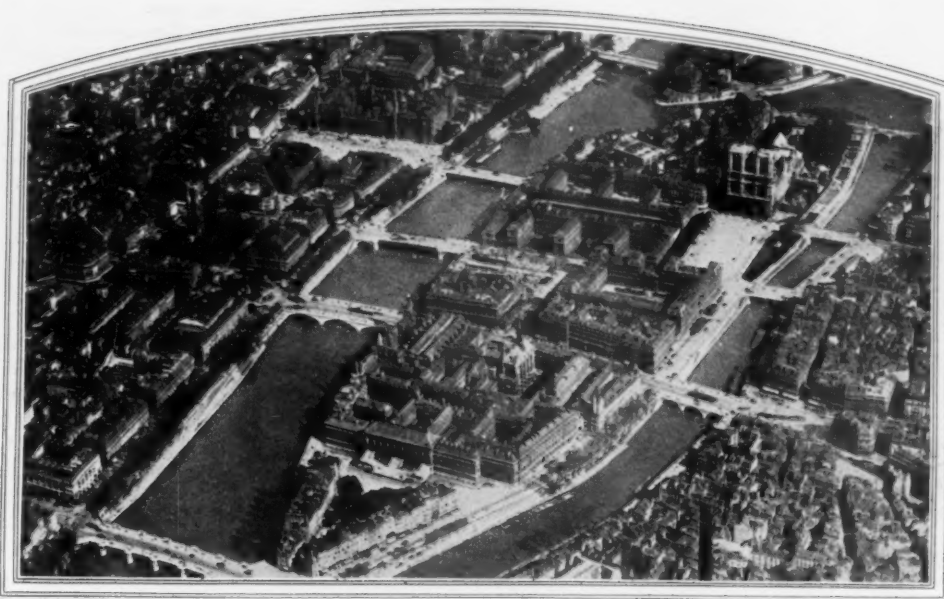


Photo: Underwood &amp; Underwood, N.Y.

This is an airplane view of "L'Ile de la Cité"—the "Cradle of Paris"—the small island in the Seine where the first settlement of what is now Paris was formed. Among the important buildings on the island is Notre Dame Cathedral (upper right)

# Paris—Well-Beloved City

By Richard Le Gallienne

**W**HEN we mentioned, my wife and I, that we thought of spending the winter in Paris, adding that we had not been there since the year before the war, one or two of those *blasé* cosmopolitan friends who "knew their world" shook their wise heads: "You will find it greatly changed," they said, much as one speaks of some mutual friend who has "aged" suddenly, or had a stroke, or lost all his money. Just as in such a case we say, "You would hardly recognise him," so these knowing ones shook their heads over the present unrecognisable condition of Paris. There have always been people like that and always will be, people for whom the world is always going to the dogs, and no beautiful old thing or consoling human institution quite what it was. "Is the Seine still there?" we asked naively, "and the Louvre,—and Notre Dame—and the book-stalls on the Quai Voltaire—and Cluny—and the Champs Elysées—and the Palais Royal—the Boulevard St. Germain—the Sorbonne—the Bal Bullier—Montmartre—the Moulin Rouge—St. Germain des Prés—the Rue Vaugirard—the Comédie Française—the Café de la Paix. . . ." mentioning at random certain old familiar faces, so to say, of the Paris scene as men have

known it for generations. "O yes!" of course, "but. . . ."—well, that wasn't it—for all that, Paris was "sadly changed!"

How the Seine, for one thing, could be sadly changed, we wondered, or, short of an obliterating cataclysm, the main features and characteristics of the Well-Beloved City, or the nature of the French people, the most unchanging people on the earth, and emerging gaily and indestructibly themselves out of how many tragic vicissitudes. . . . But, of course, we paid no attention to these professional pessimists, these gourmets of disillusion, except to be amused by them; for had they not talked in the same way about San Francisco, after the earthquake, and are they not always saying the same thing about everything, telling you how bad the opera is this year, and how it is impossible to get anything fit to eat any more in the two hemispheres?

**SO** here we are in Paris, and here am I, seated at a window on the Quai Voltaire, the same Seine flowing by down which, according to Villon, the ill-fated Berridan once floated in a sack many centuries ago, the same Seine once lurid with the torches of St. Bartholomew, and the same Louvre op-

posite yonder, with the window still there from which Charles IX fired his signalling pistol on that night of blood, the same Louvre in which Catherine de Medici wove her evil spells, and the faded flower of Mary Stuart first came to blossom. . . . Across those bridges, Pont Royal, Pont Carousel, Pont Neuf, the tides of the French Revolution once roared, with ghastly heads aloft on pikes—where now automobiles glide in a never-ending procession, the busy little tugs ducking their funnels as they pass beneath them followed by trains of barges filled with sand and gravel, barges with names only given to barges in France — "Pierrot," "Clovis," "Anemone," "Printemps," "Antoinette"—women hanging out washing, and busy dogs running to and fro, and children playing on their decks. And below right under my eyes, stretching as far as one can see, the book-stalls that have lined the quays for centuries, with old prints decoratively arranged above the motley volumes, fingered over by what one might call the rag-pickers of literature, though this term must not be taken too *au pied de la lettre*, for not only are many of the stalls stocked with books in good condition and fine bindings and the old calf and vellum dear to the bookman's



Photo: Publishers Photo Service, N. Y.

heart, but the rag-pickers themselves are far from being only tatterdemalion scholars, "with breeches baggy at the knees," as in Andrew Lang's ballads, but more often than not they are smart girls with high heels, whose knees indeed, frequently visible according to the mode, go in silken hose from the Rue de la Paix. Priests, too, with their soutanes and shovel-hats, are frequent picturesque figures among these learned loiterers—those open-air libraries, indeed, reminding us that Paris, besides being so many other things, is a learned city, a city of eager minds.

**YES!** Paris is, of course, many cities in one, and when one talks of going to Paris, one might well be asked—which Paris? The word Paris, it has been suggested, is short for *paradis*, and, if *paradis* be a place where each one finds the fullest satisfaction of his individual needs, there is much to be said for the derivation. Collectively, it is the Paradise of Human Nature; the most liveable of all human cities, and it was no mere accident of genius that Balzac's "Comédie Humaine" was born there. It could have been born nowhere else. There is no human type which is not found in its fullest development in Paris, and does not find there its perfectly adjusted habitat, the natural home of all its desires and dreams. Other cities may give us a measure of what we seek, but Paris gives it all, and of the finest quality. In all the arts of life Paris makes the standard. Other cities are merely amateurs. In things serious as in things frivolous Paris sets the fashions, fashions in thought as well as fashions in clothes and fashions in pleasure—all manner of fashions from

frocks to revolutions. The *dernier cri* in art, in science, in philosophy, always comes from Paris. From the eager talk of Paris studios and cafés come all the new movements in painting and literature. Even when they originate in other countries, they obtain no general currency till Paris has set her *cachet* upon them. For Paris gives to all she touches that precious indefinable quality of style.

Photo: Publishers Photo Service, N. Y.



This cynical figure surveys Paris from his perch on Notre Dame Cathedral. They say that when the sculptors tired of creating so many beautiful things they would turn to the carving of such gargoyles as this.

Right—The studio near Fontainebleau once occupied by Millet.



At the left—A view of the inner courtyard of the Louvre with its beautiful gardens. The Louvre of today dates from 1577 and was finished in the reign of Napoleon III. There was an earlier palace of the same name which was demolished to make room for the present building. The museum and galleries of the Louvre are among the best in the world.

Other countries may make good steel, and brew good ale, but when we say "Sheffield steel" and "Bass's ale," we realize that we are referring to a classic excellence in those particular manufactures. Sheffield and Burton are symbolic towns because they have for so long forged the best steel and brewed the best ale in the world. Similarly, on a larger and more complicated scale, Paris is, *par excellence*, the Symbolic City. For the world at large, I suppose, Paris is the Symbolic City of Pleasure, "Gay Paree," the healing and soothing and all-understanding Mother of Joy, the international *refugium peccatorum*, that is, the humane asylum for those Puritan refugees, under-nourished in natural gaieties, from lands afraid of happiness. Because Paris believes in whole human beings, instead of half human beings, truncated, macerated, flagellated, by religious and social systems that regard so much as sinful that is merely natural and proper to man's complete and healthy development, Paris is absurdly supposed by bleak and ignorant Anglo-Saxons to be one of those "cities of the plain," given over entirely to "chambering and wantonness," the very superfluity of naughtiness. To anyone who knows the history of Paris, knows what she has meant and done for mankind through the generations, and knows what she

Photo: Publishers Photo Service, N. Y.



Photo: Publishers Photo Service, N.Y.

Above—The Place de l'Opera is an example of the extensive remodeling of Paris done in the reign of Napoleon III.

A clatter of small hoofs on the Quai Montebello, and the goat herd moves toward the door of another customer—a familiar sight on the boulevards of Paris.



Photo: Ewing Galloway, N.Y.

still is today, such an idea of her would be laughable were it not so posterously ill-informed and unjust. How few stop to think that this "Gay Paree" has always been the most serious city in the world, that it is because she is so serious that she can afford to be so gay, and that because she has always been both, she has so long held the place she still incomparably retains as the Capitol of Humanity. The criticism of Paris by the average "home-town" Anglo-Saxon is an impertinence, an irrelevance. To appreciate such a city requires a similar natural endowment and culture to that required for the appreciation of a great work of art. One pays no attention to what certain "Innocents Abroad" say about the "Mona Lisa" or the "Venus de Milo," even though they be such amusing vulgarians as Mark Twain. For some, Paris is first of all, a shrine of pilgrimage to those and other great works of art, but she herself a still greater work of art, needs a little spirit in her pilgrims; and just as those unqualified visitors to the Louvre, who see nothing in its masterpieces but their nudities, simply do not know what they are talking about, so it is with so many unqualified Anglo-Saxon visitors to Paris. Their criticisms of Paris and the French generally merely display their own ignorance and pitiable greenness and narrowness of

nature. Their presence in Paris in numbers all too great is an intrusion which can scarcely benefit them and is a constant discomfort to those who are there to be happy and to study that great human work of art, which is ever changing and yet never changes.

As I have mentioned these rather pathetic provincials and barbarians, who, if a bad pun may be allowed, visit Paris to scoff and remain to pay, and who I regret to say are mostly English and American, I may as well finish with them here before I proceed to try to tell why those who enjoy

Paris do so simply and sincerely enjoy it. What I have to say of my Anglo-Saxon brethren has, of course, been said before, and, indeed, one had hoped that, through the amount of internationalism consequent on the recent war, it would hardly be necessary to say it again. However, the Anglo-Saxon tourist does not seem to have changed his spots, and wherever he goes, whether it be Pekin or Timbuctoo, Tahiti, Florence or Algiers, he seems to go there for the purpose of expressing discontent that he is not still in Chicago or Birmingham. Though he is the guest of a country talking its own language, he seems never to get over his surprise that it is not talking his. A quaint example of this Anglo-Saxon peculiarity comes to me through my wife, who, sitting recently in the Café Dome, which is the present vogue with artistic Bohemia, overheard an Englishman ordering coffee and rolls somewhat in this fashion:

"Waiter!" he began, in an ultra English accent.

"Waiter, come here!" he repeated.

THE waiters at the Dome are not like the waiters in Nice, who, if you address them in French ("of Stratford-at-Bowe"! ) answer you in English; but, in spite of their cosmopolitan clientele, the waiters at the Dome are uncompromisingly Parisian, because probably most of that cosmopolitan clientele usually speaks the French language in preference to its own. When at last the Dome *garçon* realized that the Englishman was calling him, he sped over with a guttural "*Monsieur*." "I want," said the Englishman, "some coffee and rolls," quite colloquially as though he were snugly at home.

(Continued on page 56)

The Palace at Fontainebleau.

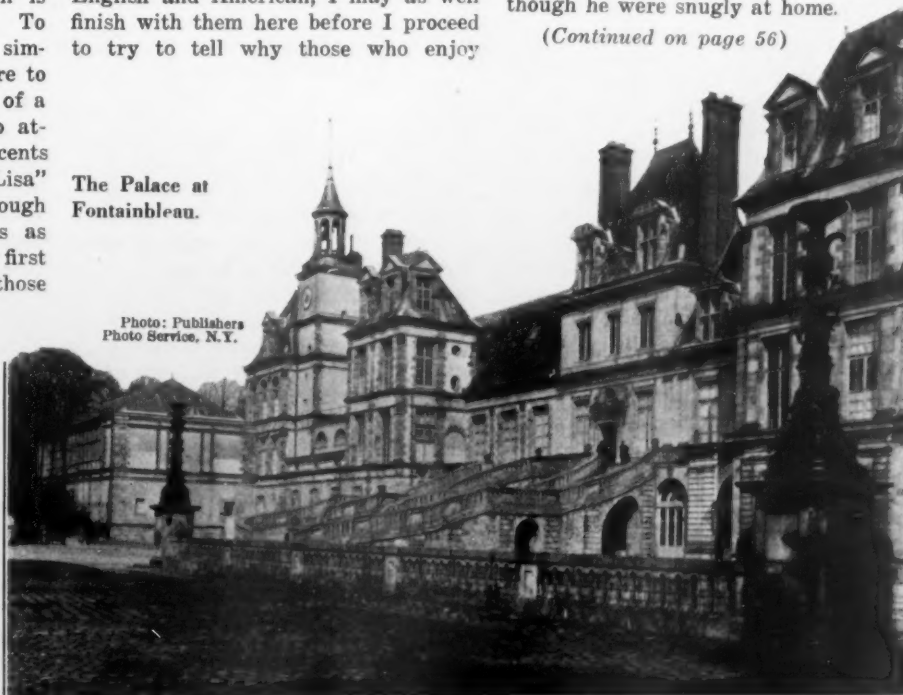


Photo: Publishers Photo Service, N.Y.



# Rotary and Its Founder

## *The Story of a Man and a Movement*



A photograph of Paul and Mrs. Harris taken during their visit to Bermuda in 1925.

**T**HE advance of Rotary to the position it now holds, constitutes a romance of organization development. Thirty-five nations have, to varying extent, experienced the benefits of Rotary. The splendid results thus far obtained, have been principally due to the enthusiasm of Rotarians of three or four nations. With the other nations, the propulsion has had origin outside their borders. What will be the result when Rotary becomes as well entrenched in all nations as it is today in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada?

We hear very strong statements made as to the power of the influence of Rotary. Some of them are exaggerated but there is doubtless truth in all of them. Some are entirely free of the form of prejudice which is naturally incident to membership.

The Briton who said to the president of an American Rotary club, that, in his estimation, the greatest gift America ever made to Great Britain was the Rotary Club movement, could not have been prejudiced. He was neither a Rotarian nor possessed of information that the man to whom he was speaking was a Rotarian.

It was a non-Rotarian British divine who made the statement that the most significant development of the age was the rise of the Rotary clubs.

It was the president of Northwestern University, in the United States, who said that the rise and progress of Rotary constituted one of the world's greatest wonders.

Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Yale,

**By Paul P. Harris, LL.B., Ph.B.**

*Founder of the First Rotary Club and President Emeritus of Rotary International*

most of the American State Universities are represented in Rotary clubs. The superintendent of public schools is generally enrolled as a club member and in some communities every member of the school board is a Rotarian.

Rotary and the numerous other organizations which have risen in its wake are considered by students of social movements, as among the most astounding revelations of the period. Numerous theories as to the reason of the success have been advanced.

To the founder of the movement, there are several contributory reasons and one which is fundamental.

Among the contributory reasons, he would mention the unselfish sincerity and the purposefulness of the leaders. Jealousy, which has served to stunt the

growth of many organizations, has had no place in Rotary. The writer can not recall one instance in which a Rotarian has been suppressed because of the possibility of his outshining some one else. The brilliant minds assuming that they are sincere, have invariably been drafted.

Another contributory reason is to be found in the fact that Rotary is an organization composed mainly of selected business men, the most virile force of civilization. Heretofore, business, as a regenerative force has been given little standing. Religion has taken care of the spiritual needs of those who subscribe to

the various faiths, and the professions have adopted codes of ethics suited to their needs, but business life has been considered beyond the pale of such influences.

Rotary has given to business a class consciousness—a new conception of the dignity of trade and has inspired business to lay claim to a part in the general effort to make this world a better place to live in.

How much the classification plan by virtue of which membership in Rotary clubs is limited to one representative of each line of trade and profession has contributed to the success of Rotary, is a debatable question, though it is generally believed that it has contributed materially. The classification plan holds the clubs to reasonable limits of membership, impresses the individual member with an extraordinary sense of responsibility, and affords admirable means for projecting the Rotary ideal of service throughout entire crafts and trades. More than one

hundred trade associations in the United States, largely through Rotary leadership, have been led to adopt codes of business ethics within the past few years.

The main reason for the phenomenal growth and success of Rotary and of the kindred organizations which have followed seems to the writer to lie in the fact that there is in the hearts of nearly all men a desire for an ethical platform upon which to stand. The doctrine which has been given standing in nearly every form of religious teaching and which has found expression in the Golden Rule affords a platform acceptable to all: To devotees of the various religions, because they have already acknowledged allegiance to some one religion; to those who have never subscribed to any form of religion because they feel the need of a basic principle upon which to build.

It is the aim of Rotary to make the fundamental of life embraced in the words, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them" operative as a working principle in all phases of every-day life.

Becoming a Rotarian neither necessitates adoption of any creed nor does it do violence to any creed. One may hold membership in Rotary and at the same time give his church whole-hearted support. A member's standing in Rotary is dependent upon the life he lives and not upon the faith he professes. He may be Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Gentile, Mohammedan or Hindu or Confucian, so long as he lives a life of service to his fellowmen. Rotary holds that the interests of society demand that there be a place where men of diverse faiths can meet in happy fellowship and Rotary proposes to provide that place. If a more general spirit of religious tolerance proves to be the only fruit of their efforts, Rotarians believe that a suitable *raison d'être* will have been established.

Rotary does not, however, limit its ministrations in the interests of better

understanding to its efforts to promote friendship between zealous proponents of various forms of religions. It is even more directly concerned in the promotion of friendships between men of different nations.

Rotary has already made substantial progress through conventions, conferences, and other gatherings of international character. Warm and permanent friendships have been formed.

ONE of the greatest obstacles thus far encountered has been found in the natural differences of viewpoints and this obtains with special force in business matters. Social customs are more easily understood, or at least reconciled, but differences in business codes frequently give trouble. In fact, the gulf between the Anglo-Saxon conception of business ethics and the Latin conception is so great that the pioneers in the movement despaired, at times, of success. Mere differences in customs were frequently given unjustifiable importance and fre-

quently viewed as indicative of bad faith and of reprehensible character.

And it was at this point that the plan of advancing international good will through promulgation of the service ideal in business was conceived. Satisfactory progress has been made in this direction.

It is believed that more troubles arise through misunderstanding than through intentional offense.

Love of integrity is a natural attribute of man as is also hate of slothfulness and deceit, though standards of craftsmanship vary greatly. In American cities of cosmopolitan character, these national differences become manifest. The building-trades are controlled by Scandinavians who join wood, stone, and metal with such skill that the craftsmanship of other nationals engaged in building lines seems slothful and to give evidence of dishonesty, but, great buildings need interior decorations and they call for color effects. In the field of tones and colors, the Italian craftsman is master.

To him, grace of form and delicacy of color are expressions of the soul and he despises soulless people.

Providence has ordained that there be great differences in the qualities and temperaments of men—that each nation as well as each racial group possess its own distinctive characteristics.

Rotarians of Anglo-Saxon origin can have little influence on the ideals of other peoples but they believe that they can influence their own people and that Rotarians of other races can do likewise.

There are only approximately one hundred and twenty thousand Rotarians in the world. Perhaps this number will never exceed one-half million. Compared with the number who inhabit the face of the earth, the number is not large nor would it be large if the membership of the score or more organizations patterned after Rotary, be included. We must, however, remember that the membership of these organizations is drawn principally

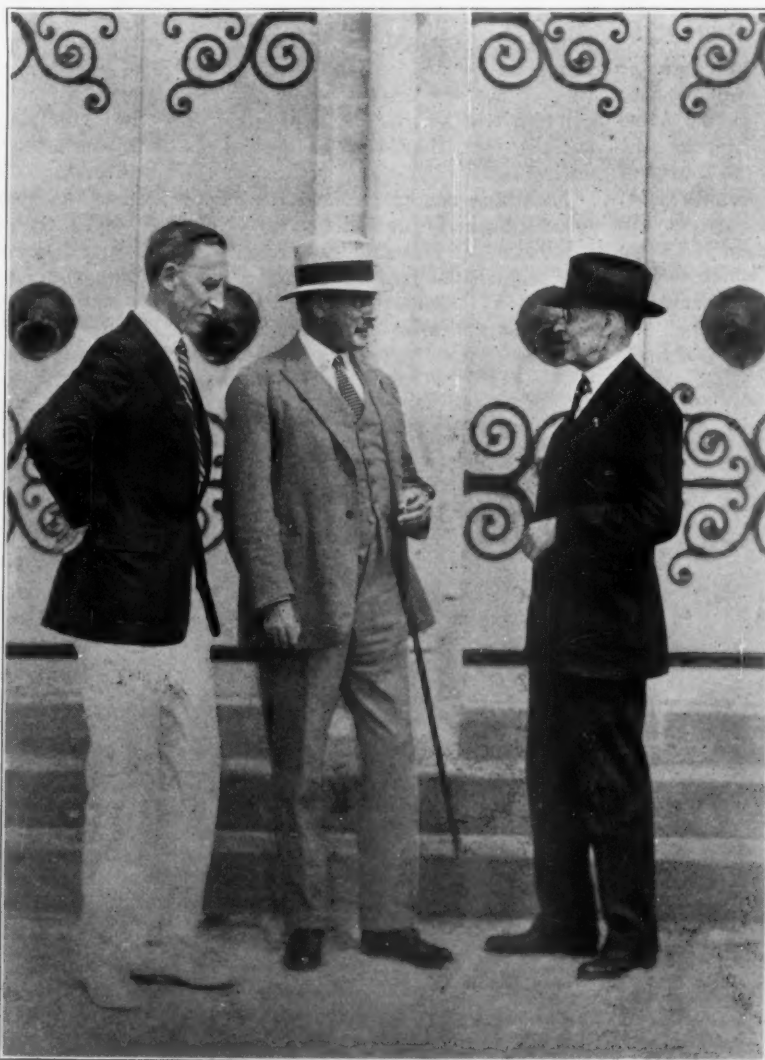


Photo: Allen Fraser, Hamilton, Bermuda.

John J. Arnold (left) first president of the Rotary Club of Hamilton, Bermuda, and Sir John J. Asser (center), Governor-General of Bermuda, and an honorary member of Rotary, officially welcomed Paul P. Harris when the founder of Rotary visited the island in 1925.

from the ranks of the most active and influential men in their respective communities.

Can a club of fifty or a hundred members influence the life of a small city, and can a club of from three hundred to five hundred members influence the life of a large city? It has been clearly proven that Rotary clubs do influence the lives of the cities in which they are established. The influence naturally is most noticeable in the smaller places. Many a dejected spiritless town of the Main Street variety has been revived and invigorated, and life made worth living. Existence can become drab indeed in small towns where there is no public spirit and where home folks are given to bickering and gossip. If the spirit is what it should be, life should be at its best in the smaller communities.

Rotarians have frequently, with manifest feeling, stated that the advent of Rotary has wrought wondrous changes in their towns; that contentions and pretty jealousies have given way to civic consciousness and brotherly consideration.

**C**AN fifty men change the character of a small city? Yes, even one can; either for good or evil. If the home life of a society leader is impure, the fact will register itself in the courts of domestic relations of the county seat; if on the other hand, he lives a life of service to his community, his town will be a better place in which to live.

Can fifty men change the character of a community?

Dr. Charles E. Barker, formerly physician to Mr. Taft while he was president of the United States, is responsible for the statement that the complexion of the small towns of the United States has been entirely changed by the Rotary clubs. As Dr. Barker has visited more than eight hundred cities and towns, he must know whereof he speaks.

Only adult males are eligible to membership in Rotary clubs and the curriculum constitutes what virtually amounts to a post-graduate educational course. In Rotary, the practical values of every-day life are brought out and

members are taught ways of adjusting themselves to their environment in a manner calculated to redound to the common good.

However, Rotary appreciates the fact that the best way to perpetuate its beneficent influences is by impressing its ideals upon coming generations and Rotary, therefore, concerns itself with boy problems. Boys' clubs and camps have been organized by Rotarians in hundreds of cities.

Rotary avoids, so far as practicable, duplication of the works of other agencies in cases where such other agencies are as well or better equipped to take care of the needs; and Rotary not infrequently has found its greatest usefulness in coordinating existing agencies or in initiating needed work and later handing it over to state, county, or municipal authorities upon whose shoulders the responsibility should naturally rest.

During the past six years, Rotary has organized in the United States twenty state societies for the care, cure, and education of physically handicapped children. Judging from results, thus far obtained, it requires no prophetic vision to foresee that the time is not far distant when crippled children will be so rare in progressive nations that they will be viewed as curiosities.

Rotarians concern themselves chiefly with business problems and with the inculcation of friendliness among various peoples, but real emergency always touches a responsive chord.

A just appraisal of Rotary can not be made without giving a measure of

consideration to what Rotarians think. Aside from natural bias in favor of the organization of which they are members, they ought to be the best judges.

What value do Rotarians place upon membership?

There are indications from which we can draw our conclusions. Rotary became twenty-one years of age in February of the present year, 1926. There has been little more than one year of Rotary for every century of the Christian era. There are, at present, approximately twenty-four hundred clubs in the thirty-five nations in which Rotary lives and has its being. The clubs, therefore, range from one to twenty-one years in age.

**S**INCE February 23, 1905, the day when the first Rotary club had its first meeting, up to the present moment, just one club has given up its charter and that was because of circumstances beyond the control of the members; one club out of twenty-four hundred. When one considers the ephemeral nature of many organizations, the longevity of Rotary clubs is somewhat surprising, particularly so when one also considers the fact that all Rotary clubs must be active.

But how about attendance? Do the members attend or do they merely hold membership? The answer to this question is that each member must attend at least sixty per cent of club meetings or forfeit membership. Sixty per cent is the minimum, but the average for the club is certain to be much higher.

During the early days of Rotary, an attendance at any meeting of one hundred per cent of the club's membership was an unusual event; today, 100 per cent attendance is hardly worthy of mention. If a club holds a series of consecutive 100 per cent meetings, it will be noticeable, providing the series is long enough.

A dozen or fifteen consecutive one hundred per cent meetings are no longer remarkable; thirty or forty are; though there are Rotary clubs which have held consecutive one hundred per cent meetings weekly throughout an entire year. Of course, it would not be possible were it

(Cont'd on page 60)



Photo: U. S. Air Service.

President Emeritus Paul P. Harris enjoyed his first airplane ride recently when Lieutenant "Hod" Eller, U. S. A., Hartford (Connecticut) Rotarian, took him up 6,000 feet and gave him a 40-mile ride. This picture was taken just after Paul had come back to earth.



# International Friendship

By Yusuke Tsurumi

An address upon the occasion of a dinner to American guests given by the Rotary Club of Tokyo

I HAVE returned to Japan from a long lecturing tour in America. I spoke on Japan in America and I am now speaking on America in my own country. I can speak on the strength of my own experiences. On both sides of the great ocean there exists a growing consciousness that we must understand each other.

Nobody can change facts. The important thing is the interpretation of facts. And for the correct interpretation we need a kindly spirit. In other words, we must build international friendship on the solid rock of reason and emotion. I do not think a friendship built on mere sentiment will last long. It is particularly so in international friendship. It is one of the avowed objects of Rotarians to serve the cause of international peace. If so, let us not wince to face facts, however disagreeable.

Knowledge is the first element in international friendship. And yet how far we are from getting untainted facts about each other. There is much misinformation. Let us do our honest endeavor to dispel ignorance and usher in the new era of correct international information.

However, knowledge is not enough. We need a right attitude of mind. There are people whose minds are closed to good qualities of other nations. Let me tell you a story of two frogs of Osaka and Kyoto. In good old feudal days, a frog of Osaka heard of the splendor of Kyoto, the seat of the emperor and the rival town of Osaka. He wanted to see the town. So he started on a trip. It happened that a frog of Kyoto heard of the prosperity of the commercial town of Osaka and was coming the same road toward Osaka. They met on the top of a hill between the two cities. They found out that they were bent on the same purpose. Then they realized that they were standing at the highest spot which commanded the view of the two towns. "Why," one frog cried, "By standing up on our hind legs we can look at each other's towns from here without going any further." So they stood up on their hind legs and cried, "Why your town is exactly like mine!" They went home satisfied with the discovery. The fact was that when they stood up, having eyes on the back of their heads, they were looking backward at their own towns, instead of looking forward in the direction of the other towns.

A proper attitude of mind is essential for international friendship. It is particularly so between the East and the West. We are under the constant temptation to justify our own culture and



Yusuke Tsurumi

civilization. We laugh at the folly of these two frogs but do we not repeat their mistake too often?

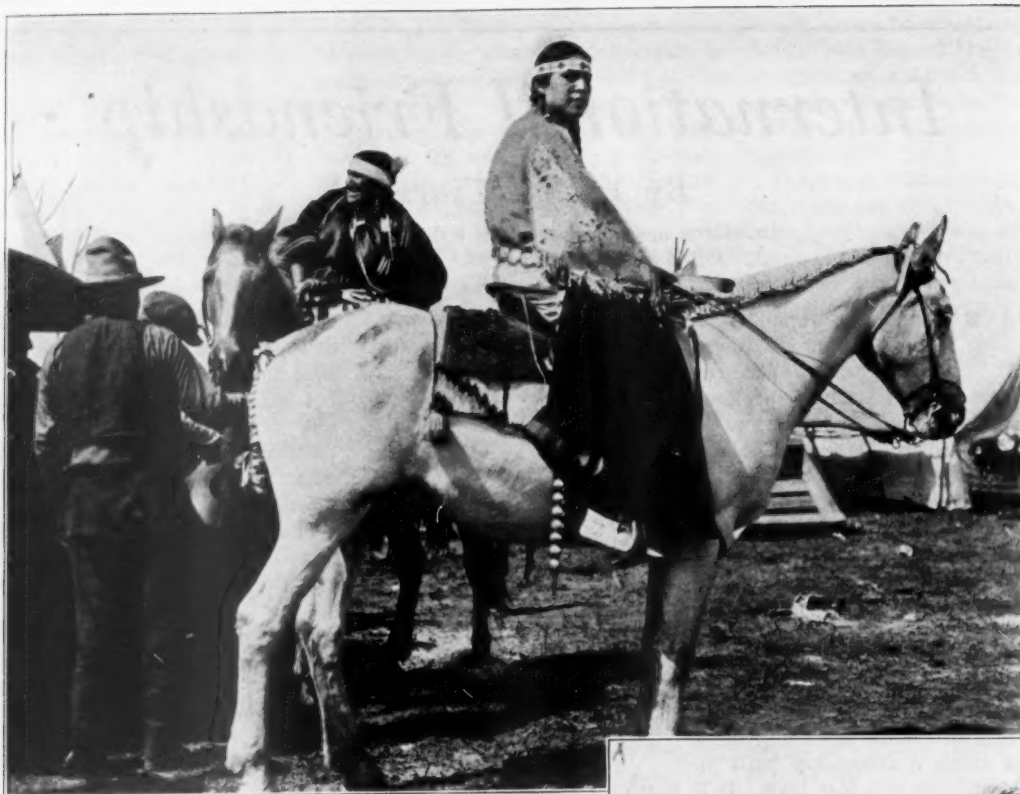
I said before that we must build our friendship on reason and emotion. Viewed from the standpoint of emotion, international friendship is nothing but the sum total of individual friendships. Emotion plays an important rôle in our life and we can scarcely exaggerate the significance of the emotional links between individuals for international friendships. When we have a friend or two, they stand in our minds for the whole of that nation.

International friendship is perhaps one of the last acquired virtues of mankind. It is still a new thing for us. It needs education. It needs daily practice. That is where Rotarians can come in. The Rotary idea of service can best be practiced in the field of international friendship.

The reason why I emphasize friendship among individuals is because I think that we have not yet reached to the stage where the intercourse of nations as such is entirely satisfactory. It has been questioned very often whether public morals and private morals are the same or not. Even Lord Morley answered in the negative. It is not a very cheerful verdict. But it does not take a profound scholar of politics or diplomacy to perceive the disparity between the two kinds of morals. We have to travel some distance yet to bring the morality among nations to the level of that among individuals.

International friendship naturally leads us to the subject of international peace. We have been accustomed too much to talk about war. Peace as a practical basis of international dealings is a new phase of modern life. May I refer in this connection to a record that Japan as a nation holds in history? For over two and a half centuries Japan had no wars both internally and externally. Peace as a practical phase of national life is not new with us.

When we talk about international affairs we are apt to dwell on the dissimilarities between nations. I wonder whether it is not wiser to lay more emphasis on the similarities. I think the guests of this evening have found out many things common between Japan and America. You must have been made home-sick by the sight of so many Ford automobiles parked at the curb. And the streets of Tokyo as in Boston are so crooked that you will meet yourselves coming back. We talk different languages but the ideas we express are not so very different as they may look at first.



An Indian girl, garbed in her brightly colored finery, a participant in the "Procession" at the Indian convention at Ponca City. At right—A "close-up" of an Indian couple from the near-by reservation.

# Oklahoma—Today

By Will Irwin

"**S**ORT of a never-never land, isn't it?" remarked the native.

"Sure is," I replied, lapsing easily into western habits of speech.

Listen, Easterner.

We stood on a terraced hill-garden, gaily patterned in exotic flowers, lined with hedges which looked as though they had been trimmed every week for a hundred years. Behind us a villa with creamed-brick terraces and striped awnings made a vivid splash against green lawns. This estate broke abruptly into the wilderness—rolling hills, grey-green with native bunch-grasses, cool water-courses shaded with drooping trees, a high sky across which raced wild prairie clouds. Grazing horses and cattle made silhouettes on the hill-tops; wild doves flew into the cool horizon, or cooed in pairs among the branches above; from the depths of a covert a mocking bird was singing. Below, a cement road led into a modern American town, very clean and

new; miniature sky-scrappers in native grey granite and clean brick rising from stretches of lawn and rows of shade-trees. Down it at this moment were clattering at a lope three cow-hands in ten-gallon hats, chaps and decorated boots, mounted on slick horses with the lines of cavalry chargers.

With a hailing sign of their gauntleted hands, they yielded the road to a big, purring limousine wherein sat three women wearing filmy evening dress; for it was late summer afternoon, and getting on toward the dinner-time of the fashionable.

Followed them, on the road, another closed car through whose windows appeared four ten-gallon hats; slung across the spare tire at the rear was a heavy, embossed stock-saddle, going into town for repair. A flivver or so; a tourist car from California tied to its very top with paraphernalia; then



a sedan whose windows flashed a riot of reds, purples and yellows. At its wheel you glimpsed a big, Indian buck with an eagle feather in his hat, with red fillets of beadwork confining his long, black braids, with a striped blanket falling back from his fat shoulders. Bringing up the rear, rattled a rickety old Democrat wagon drawn by two discouraged broncos. It spilled over with a family of "Tepee-Indians" from the bottoms, squatted on a padding of straw which filled the wagon-bed. The blanketed buck who drove, showed between wisps of matted hair a face that

looked older than Magna Charta. On the back of the young squaw beside him slept tranquilly in its wicker sling a very young papoose.

"Sure is a wonder!" I repeated.

"Yes," replied the native. "And when I came back here after I left school, the place was just a trading-post. The Agency was the only two-story building."

He had been looking, I divined, not at the rolling hills nor the procession on the road below. To him, grey-green hills billowing into mysterious dark-blue distances, ten-gallon hats, embossed saddles, ornamental cattle-boots, rich and poor Indians, were just staples of life. He had been seeing only his own Italian garden, the tops of the sky-scrapers, and in the far background that mathematical row of oil derricks which accounted for all these changes and contrasts.

JUST one glimpse, this, of northeastern Oklahoma today. Year by year, I suppose, there will be more sky-scrapers and fewer tepees, more limousines and fewer saddle-horses, more evening clothes and fewer ten-gallon hats. But at this impermanent moment in history, the land of grey-green hills and Osage roses presents such a study in contrasts as these eyes, which have seen many things, never beheld before. Always during our generation, that region has been a kind of island in American civilization, a lingering remnant of the Old West. Set aside three-quarters of a century ago as the country where the Indian would make his permanent home, it long resisted those forces which the Americans call progress. Even when the whites began to penetrate, conditions tended to put upon it the stamp of the frontier. For these rolling hills were essentially grazing land. And they lay on the road between Texas and the Kansas City stockyards. On to ranges leased from their Indian owners, the Texas cattlemen would move, in the spring, their herds of yearling steers. These fattened all summer on the bunch grasses; and in the autumn were shipped overnight, and with no loss of weight, to the abattoirs of Kansas City. The "nester" had filtered in, wherever the curious and complicated Indian titles gave him a foothold. Intensive farming had begun, as in the world-famous 101 Ranch. But still, it always seemed to me, the cattleman with his rough virtues, his picturesque dress and vocabulary, his

sudden attitude toward life, gave tone and pace to all northeastern Oklahoma.

The white population was a blend of Southern and Western with the grace of one and the easy manners of the other. In the territory of the Five Tribes, the Indian strain was blending gracefully into the Caucasian, producing a race of tall, strong featured men and dusky beautiful women, and such able citizens—to take two examples from my own acquaintance—as Senator Gore and John M. Oskison. I visited Muskogee some seventeen or eighteen years ago. Already, a little oil had been discovered; the town was even then touched lightly with the Spirit of the Skyscraper. The automobile was in its infancy and roads were still atrocious. Consequently, everyone rode. Long before her eastern sister, the woman of Muskogee, had taken to the cross-saddle. The shooting man was still the hero. It mattered little whether he was a defender of law like Bud Leadbetter or a confirmed train and bank robber like Henry Starr; Oklahoma revered his skill with the trigger. To this day, I find in the old

inhabitant a tolerance of those twin romantic crimes, train-robbing and bank-robbing. One old bank-robber came out of the penitentiary a few years ago, and announced his intention of going straight. A year later, a lone, masked bandit held up a bank in the vicinity. All his neighbors understood. The quiet and moral life had palled on Bill. His feet had begun to itch, likewise his right forefinger. Also, the job showed signs of Bill's peculiar technique. But they kept their knowledge and opinions to themselves. Bill was getting on; it seemed a pity that such a free spirit should end his days in a cell. And when he came to die, it was in his own bed.

ON that trip, I dropped off for a few hours between trains at a place called Tulsa. There was a main street, with a few multiple-story buildings; otherwise the city looked like a set for a Western movie. I motored to Tulsa from Kansas City and on the way passed part of the answer to the transformation not only of Tulsa, but of all northeastern Oklahoma. I marked on the map a sizeable dot called Picher and decided to stop there for luncheon. Five miles away, an irritating but not ill-tasting dust began to fill our nostrils and coat our car. Through its mists I discerned, stretching from horizon to horizon a series of leaden-gray hills, green in the shadows. These resolved themselves into dumps, topped with great shafthouses, rimmed with gigantic and fantastic tangles of uncovered machinery. Between them wriggled streets miles long of busy shops and rows of workingmen's shacks. When I had bumped through this tangle

(Continued on page 63)



Left—Indian riders photographed on the parade grounds. Below—This group traveled many miles to represent their tribe at Ponca City.







# Tendencies in Advertising

By John W. Odlin

**S**INCE the days when a merchant posted a sign demanding that the public buy his goods, advertising has made great changes. From a hit-or-miss enterprise it has been developed in a recognized science. After long periods of experimental stages, advertising may be said to have made as definite a place in business as accounting or purchasing.

The advertising bill for the United States alone for the past year was more than one and one-third billion dollars, and the year 1926 will probably see a still larger expenditure. The man who says that this expenditure adds to the cost of the goods sold is absolutely right.

Advertising has added this huge amount just as other selling expenses have added to the cost. This added burden has gone on the final bill in its proportionate share, just as surely as has every other item in the cost of making and selling, but this advertising has made possible greater production and far-reaching distribution, and nothing is truer in business

than the simple fact that the more of an article made the less the cost of each, and the greater the distribution the greater the sales.

Generally speaking, advertising has taken three great advances.

The first came with the dawn of the idea that the printed message would act as a mass salesman.

The second came when many advertisers exaggerated the worth of their merchandise — made extraordinary claims for it, and therefore brought about a severe reaction. People began to look upon all advertising as exaggeration, and advertising specialists as dealers in gold bricks. At this time advertising was headed in the wrong direction. It was doing business more injury than good.

Its third stride onward was the emancipation of advertising through what is commonly known as the truth-in-advertising movement.

Organized effort such as is made by the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, not only through legislation but by convincing advertisers that only the truth will pay, has resulted in

making advertising on the whole truthful.

Few advertisers have sufficient optimism to believe that their advertising is read universally and carefully. The more skilled advertisers today do not believe that advertising alone will sell their merchandise. They do, however, believe that carefully planned advertising will increase a knowledge of their products and that it will make easier, in the least expensive way possible, the ultimate sale of their goods. They believe it will help in the sale of their products to the many people who say they never read advertisements, because it is very likely the same people who do not read advertisements that are clothed in advertised goods, their homes are furnished and offices equipped with advertised products. The man who does not read advertisements buys these things because they are the more accessible, because they are on sale where he does his buying, and because they most exactly fit his special requirements.

Successful advertising has frequently been likened to that of the huckster

who drives through the streets in the Spring shouting "strawberries." The perfection of this man's advertising is due to a perfect combination of essentials. He gets attention. He is near potential customers. He brings good news. His distribution, when and where desire is aroused, is complete; therefore he has cut down sales resistance to a minimum, this last being the greatest accomplishment of all classes of advertising.

Years ago, before advertising had established itself, it was not uncommon to hear a merchandiser say that he was going to give advertising a trial; and we still hear it. Such advertisers take pot shots at business and, if they are lucky, they get results. Scientific advertising is no longer on trial. It has been proven that if it is done skillfully it brings results; but miracles can never be expected. The success of advertising scientifically is proven by such instances as Ivory Soap spending \$2,500,000.00, Postum Cereal \$1,800,000.00, Congoleum, \$1,650,000.00, and so on down the line with familiar products.

SOME advertising is planned to supply demands that have already been created; more often, however, advertising creates a demand. It brings to the attention of the people everywhere, things that were beyond their imagination; for example, the electric refrigerator. Women have long known the use of a refrigerator and the ice-man has been a regular and expected visitor to the homes through the summer months. It is very likely that few women ever dreamed that electrical energy could supply the need for ice. They could not demand an electric refrigerator because it was beyond their imagination. Now they demand it because advertising copy has educated the housewife to demand such a thing that before the advertising appeared was

entirely out of the range of her fondest wish. This is but one of the thousands of luxuries now going into the class of necessities that advertising has convinced consumers that they must have.

The art of planning and executing advertising has become a distinct business. While there are outstanding examples of advertising being done by those with little experience and accomplishing great results, most of the successful advertising found in our magazines and newspapers and on display boards has been thought out and worked out by men and women who have trained for years in this specific business.

Frequently we hear the complaint of merchants and manufacturers that their advertising is not paying them, and in most cases their failure can be attributed to two reasons: One reason is that they have not told the public in an attractive way what the public wants to know; and the other is that they have not had sufficient faith in either their own product or in advertising to carry through. There is nothing more true than the well-known motto—"Keeping everlastingly at it brings success."

Advertising "copy" which is all there is to an advertisement, but which actually represents only a small proportion of the work in advertising, is possibly the most interesting side of this business. To the average person the form advertising "copy" has taken the past half century is in itself an interesting study of progress.

In planning advertising, exhaustive researches are frequently made, population centers are studied and analyzed, competition is scrutinized carefully, the product itself is tested; and it is ascertained as far as possible how the market reacts to it. When these facts have been learned, opportunities for advertising it are considered, and

then the work of preparing illustrations and "copy" goes on. Successful advertising is usually planned far in advance and with a definite object in view.

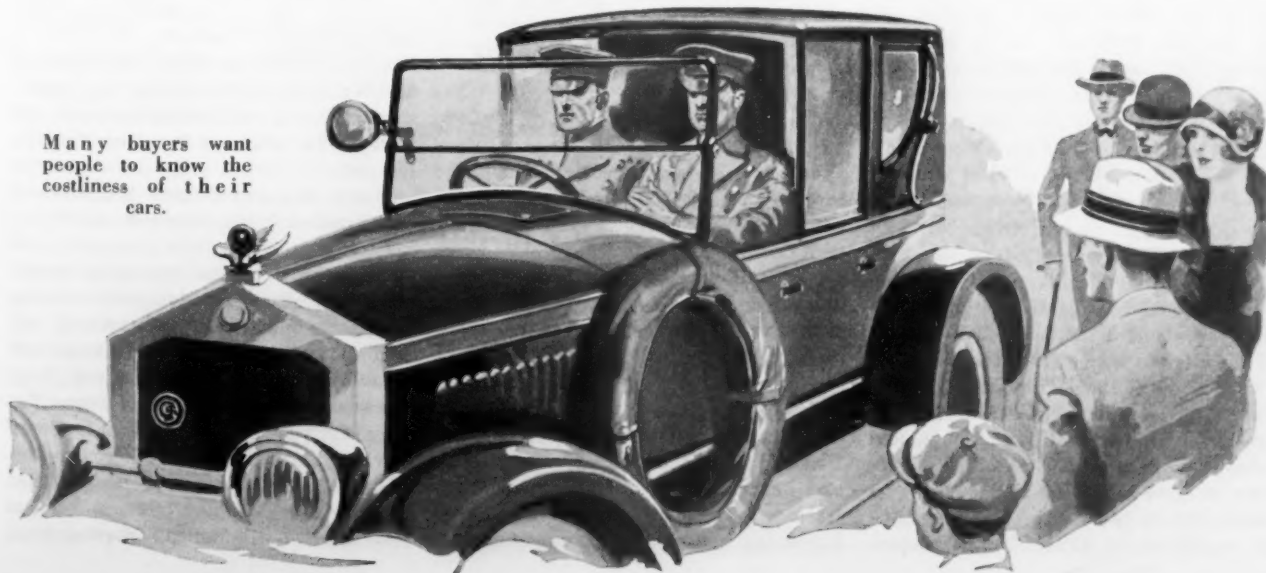
MOST advertisers try to carry a new and definite message in each advertisement. With the end in view of enumerating all the prominent selling advantages in an accumulated sense, that is, through a series of advertisements, the story is told from various angles and in various ways. Thus the advertising reaches all people of various mental reactions, arranged in a progressive manner with each insertion, and frequently covering a period as long as one and sometimes two years for the complete campaign.

Advertising in magazines is generally classified in four groups. First, are the trade papers whose pages are devoted to articles concerning a particular branch of the industry. In another group we find the agricultural or farm papers, in another, the class publications which are read by a certain thinking class of the public, and the general mediums which go to everybody almost indiscriminately, and whose circulations run as high as 2,500,000.

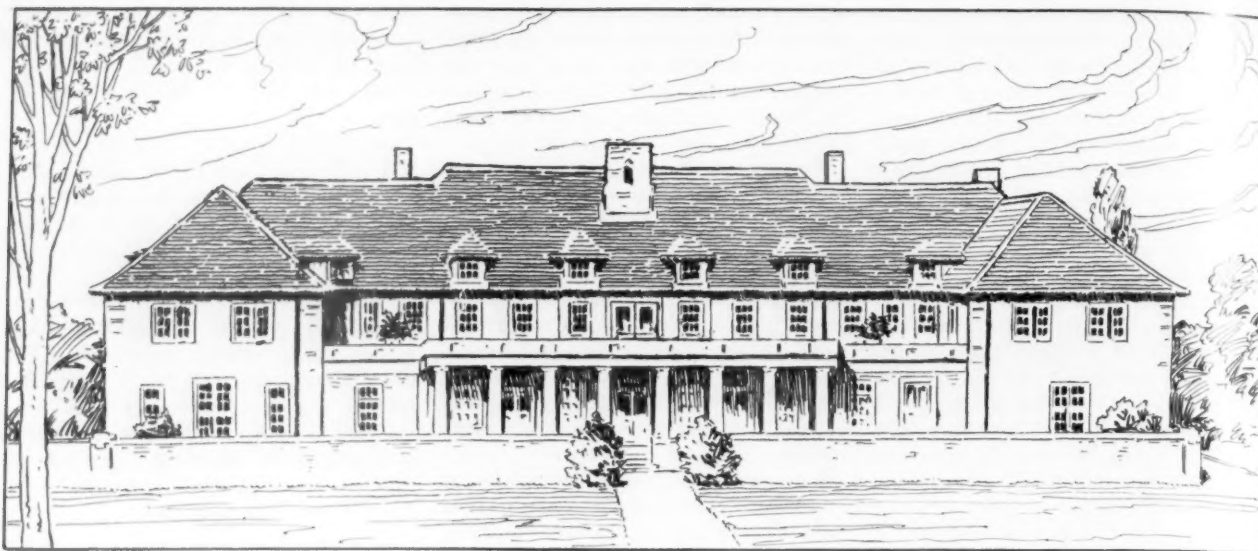
As an indication of the trend of advertising at the present time, perhaps one or two campaigns may be cited.

In the trade-paper field, it is quite usual to print large pictures of the product and to give a more or less technical description of it. A successful shoe manufacturer in Massachusetts, with 60-years' business history, and with no advertising other than an occasional sales letter or a small piece of printed matter, answered the call of the times by planning a definite advertising campaign covering two years. Before any of these advertisements

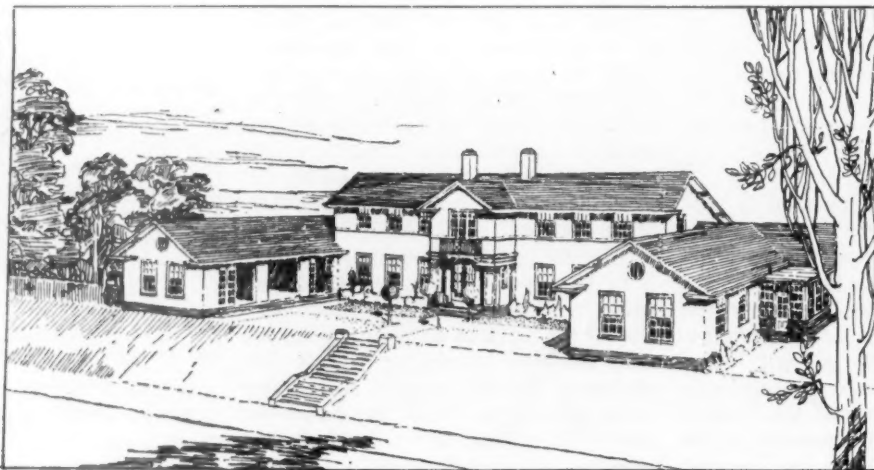
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Many buyers want people to know the costliness of their cars.



Above — The comfortable living quarters provided for men at the Jubilee Institute for the Blind—New Zealand's combination home, school, and workshop for the sightless.



At left — The first Karitane hospital in the world, where New Zealand mothers are given care and instruction. Like the Jubilee Institute, the building was erected through popular subscription.

# New Zealand Buys Futures

*Some community projects that interest Rotary Clubs of the Antipodes*

*By Charles St. John*

SOME twelve hundred miles to the southeast of Australia lies the Dominion of New Zealand, largest territory of the South Pacific. The main islands of New Zealand have an area approximately one-seventh larger than Great Britain and a population ninety-four per cent British. In 1925 this population, including some 55,000 Maoris, reached a total of about 1,385,000. The climate of the islands varies from that of western Scotland to that of southern France, and the Dominion's principal exports are farm products. This climate, and other factors of which more later, combine to give New Zealand the lowest death rate in the world (8.29 per 1,000 of population in 1924) for all classes,

and a specially enviable record for low infant mortality.

To this land which Abel Tasman discovered in 1642 and Captain Cook visited in 1709, Rotary was brought by two Canadians in 1921. Which is to say that Rotary came as an organization—since many Rotary principles are older than history and of course were already being practiced. The importation was not too easy for Jim Davidson and Layton Ralston, since in some ways the New Zealanders are apt to be more British than the British themselves, and hence rather wary of new organizations. Once they were thoroughly convinced, however, Rotary spread rap-

idly, and from the clubs at Auckland and Wellington (the capital) the organization spread until today there are sixteen Rotary clubs in the New Zealand district.

Under the red-starred flag, Rotary developed as it has done elsewhere—the members accepting the principles and adapting them to local custom as seemed advisable. Such development not only illustrates national predilections, but also shows the elasticity of the principles involved. In New Zealand, boys work has seemed the most favored Rotary activity, with business methods' work of various types coming close second. A brief review of some things done by New Zealand clubs in the last year or two will indicate diverse ways



in which these interests found expression.

Before considering two outstanding efforts which show these tendencies quite clearly let us glance at a few local happenings which indicate the general trend of events. At Auckland we find Rotarians giving a Christmas party for 1,300 children, conducting a junior employment bureau, and discussing the possibilities of a credit association. At Christchurch, twenty boys are sent to camp and a special committee studies a proposal to legalize employee participation in profits. This in a town supposed to be ultra-conservative! In Wellington, 10,000 school children get friendly letters urging them to continue their education. At Invercargill, conditions in the reform school have attracted Rotarian interest; and partial support has been given to the civic band. Masterton Rotarians take an active interest in orphan boys; while at Oamaru the Rotarians volunteer, in emergencies, to aid the fire brigade and the police. New Plymouth, proud of its association with Plymouth, England, takes steps to perpetuate its history; and also furnishes a stereopticon and books for the cadet club. At Hamilton practical men emphasize the need of improved business ethics by compiling a code of ethics *as now practiced*. Almost every club is sponsoring the Scouts and the Girl Guides. Such items might be duplicated readily enough if further proof were necessary, but these few examples will serve to give a general picture of Rotary in New Zealand.

NOW let us turn to the two major projects which are receiving most direct support—either in money or personal effort—throughout this fifty-third Rotary District. One of these is a practical combination of present help and future assurance; the other is mainly concerned with the future alone. Either will show the manner in which New Zealand forges today the tools for tomorrow's task.

When Sir Charles Fergusson, Governor-General of New Zealand, slipped a key into the door of a new wing at the Jubilee Institute for the Blind, his act marked the culmination of a year's effort by many sympathetic citizens. So much at least was obvious to the several hundred spectators, including many Rotarians who had actively supported the building project. What was less obvious, though equally true, was that Sir Charles had simultaneously given the public another opportunity for straight thinking on this much-discussed matter of where charity begins—and ends.

There is no more fertile field for the sentimentally inclined and the self-styled "idealists" than this field of public guardianship. Nor, incidentally, is

there any subject concerning which more absolute emotional nonsense is spoken or written than about this—the story of life's accidents and mistakes. Human sympathy is a precious thing, and no sane man would decry it. But between sympathy and maudlin sentimentality there is a wide gap. The appeal to common humanity can be, and not infrequently is, transmuted into an appeal to the self-satisfaction of giving. Such a change is certainly not due to any philosopher's stone; it may be due to ulterior motives.

These may seem harsh words, but the proof is easy. Certain sections in almost any great metropolis have their quota of whining beggars. Some of these are genuine unfortunates—more are not. In any event their existence is very tangible evidence of the unintelligent public attitude referred to above. One might venture to doubt the use of a haphazard charity that debases both giver and recipient alike. It is an appealing feature of this New Zealand work that the blind beggar with his dog and tin cup becomes an anachronism, and that healthy self-respect which flashes out like a geranium blooming in a slum, has its chance.

Self-respect is no particular monopoly of the slums. Perhaps of all comments on handicaps no better lines were

ever penned than those of the blind Milton:

"These eyes, tho' clear  
To outward view of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,  
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward."

Not every man, of course, has the ability to hold an important State post and to write some of the world's best poetry after darkness has become continual for him. But each man in his degree retains some of his abilities and develops new ones, so that his blindness does not necessarily prevent him from making a contribution to his country and his time.

THE great advantage of such work as shown in New Zealand and other parts of the world, is that it gives the blind their chance—which is all that most of them desire; even more than some of them ask. In brief, such projects minimize charity and emphasize employment. This particular scheme had the further advantage of enlisting the support of the community instead of merely securing funds from a few prosperous individuals. In order to see the necessity for this widespread appeal, let us observe conditions as they existed at the institution a year ago.

This Jubilee Institute for the Blind is the only combination home, school, workshop, of its kind in New Zealand. As a result of various conditions the buildings had become inadequate. While the women and children were well housed in brick buildings, the men had for some years been living in old and unsuitable wooden buildings where the fire risk was a constant cause of anxiety. These conditions induced the Governor-General to make an urgent appeal to the citizens—an appeal which seemed specially important to Auckland Rotary. Four Rotarians had first-hand information of affairs at the Institute. Rotarian Clutha MacKenzie, who lost his sight as a result of the war, is the Director of the Institute and on the Board are Rotarians T. U. Wells; A. J. Hutchinson, secretary of the Rotary Club of Auckland; and the Hon. George Fowlds, first president of the Auckland Club, president of Auckland University College, and ex-Minister of Education for New Zealand.

Following their usual practice the Rotarians asked Mayor Baidon to call a citizen's meeting, at which a committee was formed to carry on a campaign for 15,000 pounds. This sum, with the usual pound-for-pound subsidy from the government, would give a total of 30,000 pounds or roughly \$150,000 for the new buildings.

All Auckland Rotarians were enlisted for this citizen's committee and cam-

(Continued on page 68)

### Fifty-third District Conference at Auckland Next March

THE annual conference of New Zealand Rotary clubs will be held at Auckland early in March, 1927. Rotarians of the Fifty-third District are very anxious to see at least as large a representation from other lands as New Zealand has had at recent conventions of Rotary International.

"Hutch" the honorary secretary of the Auckland club says of the conference: "It is going to be held in the queen city of New Zealand, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. You can, on my authority, assure the North American Rotarians that though the travelling will take a little time they will not be far from home—they will find that their home in Rotary extends to Auckland and the welcome they will receive will be just as great as they would get from any club in the United States, or Canada, and the scenery and sunshine are guaranteed.

"Come and attend the conference. Come and spend a vacation with us, catch our big fish as Zane Grey did. Come see our rivers, lakes, mountains and snow-capped peaks. Come let our Southern sunshine bring health and happiness to you. Come let our smiles, our handclaps, tell you that you are indeed welcome. Come, we want to meet you, we need you and you need us. Come!"

# Talking It Over

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"Talking It Over" in committee meetings and in board meetings usually solves your club problems and establishes correct policies. Under this heading of "Talking It Over" will be discussed each month problems and questions of concern to local club committees and officers. Contributions for this department will be welcomed—The Editors.

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## Functions of the Board of Directors

By ALBERT E. MYLES

President, Wichita Falls Rotary Club

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AS an initial premise, the word "function" is defined as meaning "one's appropriate or assigned duty," and the office of director carries with it, therefore, certain personal service obligations which may neither be evaded nor discharged by proxy. By electing him a member of its Board of Directors the club has indicated to that Rotarian that it has confidence in his personal integrity and executive ability, but at the same time it puts him on notice that it demands and has the right to expect of him a personal exemplification of true Rotary principles through a daily life of clean living and ethical business practice.

As a second premise, a Board of Directors is defined as being "a governing body." In commercial life such a board formulates its plans and outlines its policies, with full authority to require its subordinates to properly execute the orders of the Board. In Rotary such authority is limited, and the plans and policies of the Board can be consummated only by and through the consent and co-operation of the individual members. In many cases the Board can only recommend, while the final determination of the question at issue lies in the hands of the club as a whole. Each individual member is, therefore, practically an ex-officio director, and the Board proper must first win the respect and confidence of the membership by so functioning as to merit the approval and co-operation of the membership, by inculcating the true spirit of Rotary in and bringing to them a better understanding of what is most needed by the club and expected of them individually.

No business can be successfully administered, nor objective attained, by men who are ignorant of its purposes, operation and policies, and it is, therefore, absolutely essential that the individual directors of a Rotary club, including its president, should first

thoroughly ground themselves in the fundamentals and practical mechanics of Rotary, as well as in its ideals. They must (a) familiarize themselves with the proper manner of procedure, mechanical and parliamentary, in both Board and club administration; (b) they must acquire a comprehensive knowledge of the Constitution and By-Laws of both Rotary International and of their own individual club, so that each of them may be able, if and when called upon, to properly adjudicate any legal or ethical question affecting the activities or interests of the club; (c) they must further increase their personal knowledge of what Rotary is, purposes, and requires of the individual and club, by constant reading of and reference to all official Rotary literature, which latter can always be obtained from or through the International Secretary, and contains the best thought and experience of Rotary minds, and (d) above all, each director must, when possible, attend the Board and club council meetings, for no director who is worthy of his office can be in constant attendance upon such meetings without becoming imbued with the desire to fully qualify himself for the proper discharge of his duties, first for his own satisfaction in having so equipped himself, and second, that he may justify the faith shown in him by his fellow-members.

The position of director in a live Rotary club is no sinecure, but while adequate self-education and executive action demand time, thought, study, and close application to club affairs, yet the consciousness of having been able to render effective service because of such personal sacrifice is its own best reward.

The Board of Directors must assist the president in all matters pertaining to club administration, and if, for any reason, he functions inefficiently, their own personal obligation to the club becomes only greater, since they alone were responsible for his election to office.

Perfect confidence in each other and a mutual understanding of club needs and operation should exist between board members, otherwise their individual efficiency is wasted. Given that essential understanding and trust, the

Board must discuss, agree upon and map out the club's general policy and the means of accomplishing those particular objectives which most nearly affect the progress of the club and the welfare of its community, but at all times the Board should observe a careful compliance with the year's program as outlined by Rotary International, to the end that each individual club may properly function as an effective cog in the Rotary wheel.

AS before stated, the powers of a Rotary Board of Directors are limited, but there are some functions in which its authority is absolute, of which one of the most important is the providing for and administration of club finances. The rigid maintenance of personal financial credit is one of the requisites for membership in Rotary and it follows, therefore, that every club's financial credit and ability to meet its obligations must be kept inviolate. The Board should, as soon as possible after taking office, plan and adopt its budget for the fiscal year. It should first determine the *minimum* amount of assured revenue for the year, and with this as the *maximum* basis for expenditures apportion to the several club activities, and in the ratio of their relative importance in that particular club, such amounts as may be deemed necessary for their successful operation, care being taken to retain a reserve to meet any later, but as yet undetermined, demands upon the club treasury. In the determination of its budget the Board should first provide for the maintenance of the secretary's office, its per-capita tax and other obligations to Rotary International, and other fixed overhead, and then consult with the chairmen of those committees which will require financial support during the year, among which are the Boys Work, Crippled Children, Entertainment, Athletics and Inter-City Relations, and determine the minimum apportionments necessary for each committee to function properly. Having adopted their budget, the Board should never, under any circumstances, permit it to be exceeded, unless additional revenue has become available or a real emergency exists. Sentiment holds a prominent place in Rotary, but the Board should



never lose sight of or fail to make adequate provision for the concrete needs and obligations of every properly conducted Rotary club.

One of the speakers at the Denver convention stated, in substance: "The Board should work with other civic organizations whose activities are within the sphere of Rotary." While every Rotarian should be an active participant in every moral and civic issue looking to the betterment of his community and society as a whole, I, personally, do not believe that the Board of Directors of any Rotary Club should, in its official capacity, sponsor or endorse any movement or enterprise, however worthy within itself, which that club cannot put over in its entirety without other community aid.

The same speaker assumes that each director is chairman of one of the club's standing committees, and is, by reason of his office, better qualified to conduct the activities of that committee. In selecting committee chairmen for the current year the president of the Wichita Falls Club chose those men who were in his opinion (formed from his observance of their personal interest in the committee subject and of their past service in Rotary) best qualified to lead each particular committee, with the result that only two of our standing committees have directors as their chairmen. The individual director may very properly, and in most cases effectively, act in an advisory capacity to that committee in whose work he is especially interested and for which work he is naturally or by training adapted, but if any Board properly discharges its every official duty, including special committee work, it will have its time fully occupied without taking on the responsibility for standing committee work; in addition to which fact this responsibility for standing committee work so placed upon other members will, in my opinion, create greater interest on their part and produce more effective work from the club as a whole.

In his Denver address, President Harry Rogers placed full responsibility for a club's success or failure upon the president alone, and each president must, by his acceptance of office, be willing to assume such responsibility; but this acceptance by the president does not relieve his Board of Directors of their individual and collective responsibility to their club and its president, since upon the merit of their advice and the sincerity of their co-operation will largely depend the effectiveness of the president's work.

Another speaker at the Denver convention said, in substance: "A president may, single-handed, wreck a club, but he cannot, single-handed, make one a success." The latter part of this

statement is unquestionably true, for no club can attain its greatest possible measure of success without the sincere and active co-operation of every individual member, not only in designated club activities, but by his daily living exemplification of those things for which Rotary stands; but I do not believe that any Rotary Board of Directors, having a full conception of their duties and of their obligations to their club, with a real love for Rotary in their hearts and a proper self-respect in mind, would permit a president, created by them, to remain in office after his inefficiency or unworthiness had become so apparent as to jeopardize the life of the club, for otherwise that club was wrecked when that Board of Directors was elected.

To my fellow club presidents I would offer this closing thought, that if your directors and mine will but inform themselves of their designated duties, and, with the earned co-operation of their fellow-members, give to the discharge of those duties the best that in them lies, when this fiscal year shall have closed no man will have the right to point to any club in your district or in mine, and ask, "Whose fault?"

## He Didn't Resign

By CARL H. CLAUDY

"I THINK I'll resign from Rotary," stated the New Member to the Old Rotarian.

"Going to leave the city?"

"Oh, no. It isn't that. I just don't seem to belong!"

"I'm afraid I don't understand. Not in arrears, are you?"

"Certainly not! But I don't have any real place here. I come to the luncheons and listen and applaud at the proper time, and you all dutifully call me Bill, and I call you Jack and Jim and Tom, but that's the beginning and end of it. I am disappointed in the organization. It isn't what I thought it was."

"What did you think it was?" the Old Rotarian wanted to know.

"When I was notified that I was elected to membership in this club," explained the New Rotarian, "I was flattered. I had been told that Rotary was composed of the leading men in the various businesses and professions, and that only one of any one business or profession was allowed to be a member. Naturally, I felt that my work in my business had been of such a character that other men in this city recognized that I was the leading exponent of my job. I don't say this conceitedly; I think all men who know anything

about Rotary feel that way about being chosen to fill an empty place in the circle. Naturally I expected, as a recognized leader in my profession, to amount to something in the club. But I don't. I even have the feeling that I bore my fellow-Rotarians. I have nothing to do; I am not on any committees; I am not an officer or thought of for an officer's job; I don't address the club; no one pays much attention to me."

"I see." The Old Rotarian killed off a smile with difficulty and speed. "What do you do when you are alone?" he asked, quietly.

"When I'm alone? Oh, read, once in a while; go to sleep usually. I am not much alone. I don't like to be alone. I like to be with people. But I haven't found the pleasure here that I expected."

"Sort of bores you to be alone?" persisted the inquirer.

"Yes, it does. I am a gregarious sort of man."

"How can you expect not to bore other people if you bore yourself?"

The question sounded in the ears of the New Rotarian much like an exploding bomb.

"I . . . er . . . I don't understand . . ."

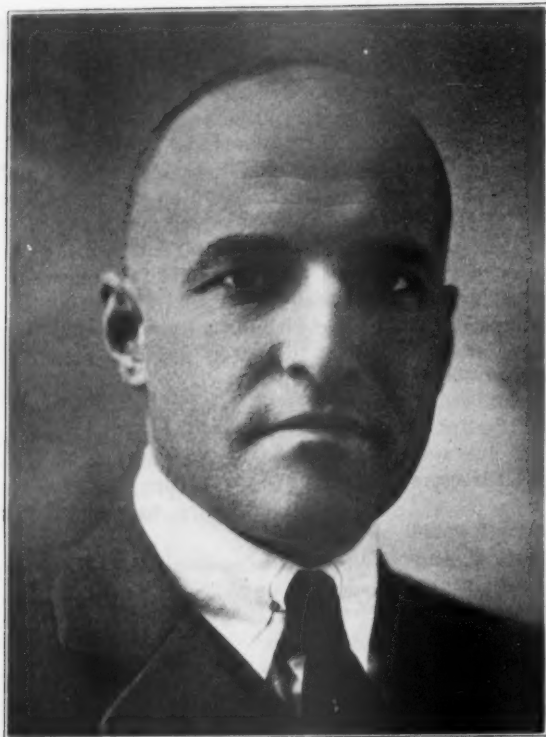
"I said," repeated the Old Rotarian, firmly, "how can you expect not to bore other people if you bore yourself? If your mind is so tight shut that you can't get any company out of it for you, when alone, if you have no inner resources with which to amuse and please yourself, how can you blame other people for not finding in you what you cannot find in yourself?"

"Sounds rough, I know. But I have seen your kind of man come and go in Rotary before now. And it's a shame, too, for any man who can rise to the top in his own line must have a great deal worth while in him somewhere."

"I KNOW just what sort of a mental process you went through when the club admitted you to membership. You said you were flattered. You felt that at last your superior worth had been recognized by a group of men you believed to represent the best brains and the most-alive thought of the city. When you were introduced to your new club for the first time, you stood up and your proposer made a little talk about you. All the boys gave you a glad hand, and then you made a little speech. After the luncheon they all crowded around you and made you welcome. They slapped you on the back and told you how glad they were, and they called you Bill and tried to make you feel at home and welcome. If you met the president of your bank on the way back to office, you looked at him rather pityingly, because he didn't hap-

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COL. J. LAYTON RALSTON, Halifax, N. S.



DON JORGE MITRE, Buenos Aires



Photo: Harris &amp; Ewing.

HON. RODERICK N. MATSON,  
Cheyenne, Wyo.

H. B. OBER, Lawrence, Kansas

## ROTARIANS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Col. J. Layton Ralston, King's Councillor, D.S.O., C.M.G., D.C.L., C.C.S., has been appointed Minister of Defence in the Canadian Government. He is a well-known lawyer of Halifax, N. S., and in 1921 was one of the two Special Commissioners of Rotary who organized the first Rotary clubs in Australia and New Zealand.

Don Jorge Mitre of Buenos Aires, publishes *La Nacion*, one of the two leading papers of Argentina. Spanish readers of his journal re-

cently discovered that *La Nacion* had made a "scoop" when Don Jorge obtained the first interview granted by King Alfonso XIII since the mutiny of artillery officers. Don Jorge described the king's automobile dash from San Sebastian to Madrid where the mutiny occurred.

The Hon. Roderick N. Matson, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, is one of the American commissioners to the international exposition which opens at Seville, Spain, in the fall of 1928. President Coolidge selected Judge Matson be-

cause he is an authority on international relations—a member of the International Law committee of the American Bar Association.

H. B. Ober, of Lawrence, Kansas, was recently elected president of the National Retail Clothiers Association. He is a past president of the local Chamber of Commerce. He is the second Kansas Rotarian to head the clothiers organization, as Fred Volland of Topeka held that post two years ago.

# Books Worth While

## *Fiction—History—Business—Anthropology*

By L. E. Robinson

**M**ORE and more we are coming to realize that the earth upon which we conduct our various enterprises is a great museum containing a fairly faithful record of its wonderfully diversified experiences. Explorers have so many facilities for work today that their accumulations of fossil remains of plants and animals that once flourished upon the planet are making it possible to get our world bearings by looking backward. Most of us know something of Roy Chapman Andrews, one of many investigators who are helping to reconstruct the story of what has happened in very ancient ages past with remarkable clearness and consecution. His recent book, "On the Trail of Ancient Man" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) gives a sketch of what he and his fellow-scientists have found during several expeditions to Mongolia. The author began his investigations in 1912; but his latest year in the Desert of Gobi, along with scientists representing various fields of expert knowledge, is the subject of this particular book. Merely to read that the expedition was financed in the sum of \$250,000 by wealthy business men, including J. P. Morgan, who were stirred to enthusiasm by the prospects, is interesting; but not so much so as the surprising finds out in the great desert, where ancient man and still more ancient animal and plant life left their witness of the long progression behind us—and behind them, also. The book, containing an introduction by Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History, is written as simply as a novel, and is interesting reading for winter evenings in the family circle.

**BRILLIANT** lights are being thrown not only upon ancient life upon our planet, but upon peoples and places that continually stir the curiosity and expectation of big business and of governments. We have a group of well-trained travelers in our day. The motor-car and other modern facilities make it possible today for a traveler to reach the more resisting spots in remote regions and bring back a fund of provocative information one may never get in the geographies or in the encyclopaedies. I have recently read three travel books written with so much

sincerity and containing so much interesting information that I found I could read them rapidly. One of these is by Wallace Thompson, "The Rainbow Countries of Central America" (E. P. Dutton Company). The author, whom we have known as a special student of Mexico, has been pushing his travels, by horseback and automobile, into those five little re-

publics of Central America which we have long thought of as jungles, but whose native-grown products are daily purchased in every grocery store about us. One is held by the author's highly intelligent descriptions of Guatemala where native laborers work on the coffee plantations at from twenty-five to fifty cents a day; of Salvador, which has been making better progress since it placed its finances upon a gold basis in 1918; of Costa Rica, beginning to drill for oil; of Nicaragua, about the size of England, full of lakes and natural resources and with only 170 miles of railway; of Honduras, about the size of New York State and with fewer than fourteen persons to the square mile. These five states have vast potential electric power from their river rapids and resources which will one day invite immense economic development. The author tells a very absorbing story of the natives, of the older Spanish and Mayan civilizations now being explored, of the work of the Rockefeller international health boards, seeking to introduce sanitary living among the natives, and of the rainfall, of the opulent crops, of the torrid sunshine—all waiting and inviting the application of the scientific mind to the demands of tropical resources and agriculture.

\* \* \*

**EVERY** newspaper reader recalls the struggle France and Spain have had with the Riffs. From a study of history some of us know of the peoples, political importance, and resources of north Africa. But here comes an absorbing book by that scholar and veteran traveler, Dr. Ferdinand Ossendowski, "The Fire of the Desert Folk," from the Dutton press, combining extensive observation in the midst of the international conflict as well as close-at-hand description of the interesting native Berbers, whose curious and complex stock and civilization are being intermingled with those of the two European nations of Latin blood. The style of the narrative and the alluring information it carries will kindle any man's sagging energies at the close of a hard day's work in the office. There are wise comments here and there by the author also, as when he says "It were well if the nations would come to an understanding with regard to the

(Continued on page 52)

### Books Reviewed This Month

#### ON THE TRAIL OF ANCIENT MAN—

By Roy Chapman Andrews.  
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

#### THE RAINBOW COUNTRIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA—

By Wallace Thompson.  
E. P. Dutton Company.

#### THE FIRE OF THE DESERT FOLK—

By Ferdinand Ossendowski.  
E. P. Dutton Company.

#### WHITE WATERS AND BLACK—

By Gordon MacCreagh.  
The Century Company.

#### INVESTMENTS—

By David F. Jordan.  
Prentice-Hall Company.

#### PRINCIPLES OF INVESTMENT—

By John E. Kirshman.  
A. W. Shaw Company.

#### FUNDAMENTALS OF INVESTMENT—

By Samuel O. Rice.  
A. W. Shaw Company.

#### HISTORY OF ENGLAND—

By George Macauley Trevelyan. Longmans, Green and Company.

#### LIFE AND WORK OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND—

By Hartley and Elliot.  
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

# With the Poets

## Sonnett

By L. A. G. STRONG

**S**OMETIMES I think, in straining past  
our reach,  
That we have leased our bodies to a dream,  
Losing the lesson blood and bone can teach  
To follow wandering stars of thought, a gleam  
On clouded mountain and forsaken beach;  
Scarce knowing what we seek, yet ever seem  
Nearer to find; losing these paths of speech,  
This worldly measurement of mote and  
beam. . . . .

Then she we love cries out that we are cold,  
And spirit whimpers in his bony wall;  
Thus, soul and body cheated, we grow old  
And out of tune: till at the end of all

Bewildered and disconsolate we stand  
With a lost paradise on either hand.

## My Pilgrimage

By STEPHEN WRIGHT

**O**LD elm tree, stone wall and gate!  
I feel the spot—

It weaves its magic spell on me  
And binds me with its mystery.  
It leaves me not.

Like some old shrine it calls to me  
Through all the years.

On pilgrimage to it I start  
With evening singing in my heart  
And falling tears.

In sunset's lap I see them there  
Like settled fate.

Did we just meet that I might see  
The further end of destiny,  
Old elm tree, stone wall and gate?

## To My Son—Aged Eight

By HOWARD JAMES GEE

**T**O-DAY, my son, you are eight years old.  
The broad expanse of years that lie  
Beyond the present's misted vision  
Is yours to traverse, yours to mould.

Use the days, and all they bring,  
To make you strong of body, and of soul.  
Walk humbly, serve—but, as you go,  
Look up to God,—and sing!

## An Ancient Chimney

By IDA NORTON MUNSON

**I**T stands, a specter gaunt, deserted, cold,  
From its gray sides the fireplace holes  
stare,

As if in waiting for what once was there;  
But in its flues only the swallows scold.

Through its cracked walls the slanting sun-  
light gleams,

And lilacs have crept close to brush its  
face,

With haunting sweetness and with old-  
time grace;

Yet, somber, chill, it marks forgotten dreams.

It stands without a rafter, beam, or sill  
Left of the home where brave souls  
welcomed dawn,

And flaunts its nakedness, a thing  
apart;

Yet, when the burning sunrise stains the hill,  
For steps it listens, and for voices gone,  
Still waiting for the flames to warm its  
heart.

## The Dover Road

By JAMES HARVEY SPENCER

**T**HE Dover Road, a sunny way,  
Leads to a valley fair,  
With fields of crimson clover spread  
To scent the Summer air.

It is a rugged, hilly road,  
With charming curves and turns,  
That bring to view the country scenes  
For which man ever yearns.

A joyous road, most colorful,  
And full of brilliant song,  
As thrush and thrasher, lark and wren  
Make music all day long.

I love this tuneful, restful road,  
Its friendly, spreading trees;  
I love the wayside flowers that  
Invite the honey bees.

Oh, would you find the Dover Road?  
Go north, south, east or west,  
To where appears the magic road  
That lovers like the best.

It is through all the happy year  
A fairy road for two—  
But always, dear, a lonely one  
Without your love and you.





## AMONG OUR LETTERS



### A Breach of International Courtesy

TO THE EDITOR:

May I take advantage of a short stay in Washington to lay before the Rotarians a matter which has given me much concern?

I am American-born; was Bessy Howe of New Orleans before my marriage to A. D. Heward of Toronto. We now have a country home at Oakville, Ontario—half way between Toronto and Hamilton, on the highway which connects these two cities—and it is partly because of our location there that the matter I want to speak of has been borne in upon me.

I allude to the flying of the "Stars and Stripes" unaccompanied by the *Union Jack* by American tourists in Canada. They fly them on their automobiles, on their boats on the Canadian lakes and rivers. They erect flag poles and display the Stars and Stripes at their many camps throughout the country. How the Canadians resent this flag-flying. *It hurts*. They are as passionately patriotic as the people in the U. S. A. They consider this display of colors in a foreign country a grave breach of international courtesy. They do not indulge in the practice themselves. It is thus an easy matter for citizens of their great flourishing neighbor to the South to wound their sense of nationality—their pride of race.

This, I feel sure, Americans have no wish to do. Their flag-flying is, I believe, the result of ignorance of the code of international manners and ethics—but the Canadians cannot understand this, nor even believe it. To them it seems just flamboyant self-assertion.

May I, in the interest of peace and good will between our two great countries, suggest that the Rotarians have it in their power to greatly influence many tourists in regard to this important matter? They can, especially, instruct the younger generation *never* to fly an American flag in a foreign country unless accompanied by a flag of that country and then always on the left. Everyone of intelligence knows that amity between nations is not achieved by the wounding of national pride—and we have it on the best au-

Letters discussing questions of special interest to Rotarians are invited by the Editors and as many as possible will be printed each month. Since these letters represent the personal opinions of the writers, the Editors and Publishers are not responsible for statements made.

thority that it is the meek and not the vainglorious who are blessed.

We who love America want her to be loved, not hated. We want to be the first to be gracious, tactful, and kind. We are so strong that we can afford to be gentle.

I appeal to the Rotarians to consider what I have written.

BESSY H. HEWARD.

Washington, D. C., October 4, 1926.

### Defining Rotary

TO THE EDITOR:

Allow me, from a sick bed, to offer a caveat against the loose way in which writers in our magazines are allowed to drift into sectional religious views when floundering helplessly for a definition of Rotary—its foundation and first principles.

In your issue for August, in more than one place, the origin and principles are traced to the Carpenter of Nazareth and what is called the "Golden Rule."

Fred D. Van Amburgh in an able article, in the above issue, says:

"Friendship in Action," or Rotary. These words are nothing more, nothing less, than the Golden Rule put into practice. They are the spirit of "Service Above Self" as taught two thousand years ago, the right spirit that must remain the slogan of all nations that survive.

Now, if this writer will turn to the "Rig. Vedas" of India, say 4000 B. C., and probably the oldest ethical writings in the world, he will find the "Golden Rule" and other New Testament stories, in the midst of written codes of aesthetic culture second to none in the world's history.

In one word let me protest against the side-tracking of Rotary by writers whose sectional religious prejudices outrun their historical knowledge and Rotary by-laws.

Friendship in Action, The Golden Rule, Boys Work, Crippled Children's Work, and all the thousand and one manifestations of the Rotary Spirit, are but cogs of the wheel of Rotary, and

are things apart from the force which drives the hub, i. e., the Rotary Spirit.

Avoiding details, whence this force?

When Darwin had finished his world renowned "Origin of the Species," he found that something was wanting to account for the rise and progress of the higher animals, including Man. Research on this opposing factor to the "Law of the Jungle" led to the discovery of another law, namely, the "Doctrine of Mutual Aid," to which the progress of humanity in the past is due, and to which the same progress in the future depends.

Rotary, then, is founded on the first principles of Evolution, i. e., Sacrifice and Service. I regret that I cannot presently detail this definition of Rotary, but on no other rational principle can its future world-wide progress go on conquering in the uplifting of the human race. Racial prejudices, sectional superstitions, notions, petty national ambitions, and all selfish antagonisms disappear before the great scientific formula—The Doctrine of Mutual Aid.

GEORGE VALENTINE,  
Vice-Pres., Rotary Club of Perth, Scotland.

### Welcoming First Voters

TO THE EDITOR:

I was very much interested to read an article in THE ROTARIAN on the duty of voting.

Along the same lines I would like to add a suggestion which one of our foreign-born members made at a recent meeting and that is, that every young man, native born, should on attaining his majority, be made to take the oath of allegiance, before he assumes the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship. The law requires this of men and women acquiring citizenship by naturalization, and I believe it would in a measure, impress the young man with the idea that he was receiving something for which return would be expected in loyalty and good citizenship.

As a naturalized citizen myself, I can say that the taking of the Oath of Allegiance has a distinct value, in that it impresses the one taking it with the seriousness of the rights and obligations he is assuming.

JACK HARWOOD.  
West Palm Beach, Fla.



# EDITORIAL COMMENT

## *The Three F's*

VOLUMES are written each year to explain what education is and is not, all of which are useful, but none of which very often comes to the attention of parents. To a layman it seems that education should at least furnish three things—whatever else it provides. These three things are—facts, friends, and freedom. These three F's will give one a certain amount of knowledge, sympathetic help in the application of knowledge, and sufficient relief from routine ideas to enfranchise one mentally. The same thing has been said and summarized in the statement that the true object of education is to make a man fit to live with others, or with himself. The Emersons and the Thoreaus can both make their contribution to society though one may prefer the lecture hall and the other the woods as a field for operations. A well-rounded life will include a bit of both.

## *Making a Record*

THE Rotary Clubs of Canada, Newfoundland, and the United States are engaged in an attendance contest. Each club is endeavoring to maintain the highest percentage of attendance. Each district is striving to maintain the highest average percentage of all the districts with regard to the average attendance record of Rotary clubs within its district. The contest is based upon "attendance at regular club meetings." Attendance at a regular meeting of another Rotary club is always accepted as equivalent to attendance at one's own club.

The contest is so real that in few instances Rotarians absent from regular meetings of their own club and unable to attend regular meetings of other clubs are tempted to contrive substitutes. Wherever a number of Rotarians, members of various clubs, find themselves in proximity to one another, they proceed to have a luncheon or a round table or some kind of a meeting. They find it a most enjoyable gathering, pervaded by the fellowship spirit, and they immediately conclude that they ought to have credit for attendance at regular meetings of their respective clubs.

Not to receive such credit may be a disappointment, but surely a moment's reflection will show us that there can be no provision for such credits in the rules of an attendance contest based upon "regular meetings of clubs." However, the spirit of such gatherings surely transcends statistical records of club meetings. It is to be hoped that such gatherings of Rotarians will be frequent and numerous and that out of them will come inter-state, inter-provincial, and international friendships that will endure for all time.

## *"Service Before Self"*

RECENTLY a Rotarian traveling across the American Continent remarked that he liked to visit the big clubs, but sometimes he thought he might be more helpful if he made himself a visitor at some of the smaller clubs.

We believe that Rotarian is headed right. There is a natural tendency on the part of traveling Rotarians to visit the large clubs. It is following the line of least resistance; it requires the least expenditure of time and effort. It is a treat to be present at one of the inspiring meetings of the Rotary Club of Chicago and other large clubs. Consequently a few large clubs are really embarrassed by the number of visitors they have week in and week out while many a smaller organization is hungering for the stimulus that comes from having a visitor from some other part of the country or of the world. So, Rotarians, try to put "Service Above Self" and make it your business to locate the small clubs, at which you can make up an attendance just as well as at a large club. Your coming will be an event, and you will be able to meet all of the members personally. You can give them the benefit of your impression of Rotary or of the work which your club is doing. Do this and you will find that "he profits most who serves best" because in the smaller club you will be a personality instead of merely one of many visitors in the larger group.

Also you will probably be able to observe things which can be more readily transplanted to your club, and you will have the opportunity to make personal friends in that club in a more intimate way than the opportunity offers in the larger club.

There are in the vicinity of each of the larger cities many small clubs, to reach which requires only a couple of hours additional time. Furthermore, in traveling from one large city to another, it is often possible to arrange one's itinerary so as to stop off between trains, or perhaps for a day, in a small town and arrange to attend the meeting of the Rotary club.

A thousand visitors to Rotary clubs that rarely have a visiting Rotarian would do more to promote acquaintance, understanding, and good will than 10,000 visitors in the usual manner at the largest Rotary clubs.

## *"Talking It Over"*

IN this issue we have arranged, under the above heading, two articles that are rather intimately associated with the duties, privileges, responsibilities and opportunities of club officers and club members. If sufficient approval is indicated, we may establish a department of such articles each month.

# ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

*"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."—Midsummer Night's Dream.*

## Japanese Clubs Reciprocate

TOKYO, JAPAN.—A cable sent from here by Umekichi Yoneyama, International Director of Rotary, announces that the five Rotary clubs in Japan have forwarded \$1,151.00 as their contribution to the Florida relief fund. This is a fine example of the same spirit which prompted American and European Rotarians to send money to Japan at the time of the disastrous earthquake in the Flowery Kingdom.

## Receive Rotary Flag Carried Over North Pole

RENO, NEVADA.—To the Rotary Club of Reno falls the distinction of possess-

ing the first Rotary flag ever carried over the North Pole. When Commander R. E. Byrd, U. S. N., flew over the Pole he carried this small silk flag presented to him by Senator Tasker L. Oddie. This flag was later secured for the Reno club by the Senator, and has been autographed by Commander Byrd, himself an honorary member of Rotary. Senator Oddie presented the flag, suitably framed, together with a letter from the famous airman.

## Aid Weaving School for Sub-normal Children

ST. GALL, SWITZERLAND.—Recently local Rotarians gave financial assistance to their School of Weaving, an institu-

tion for sub-normal children who are too old for other institutions. Even in such highly organized countries as Switzerland there are cases which do not come under any established procedure—opportunities for pioneering in civics.

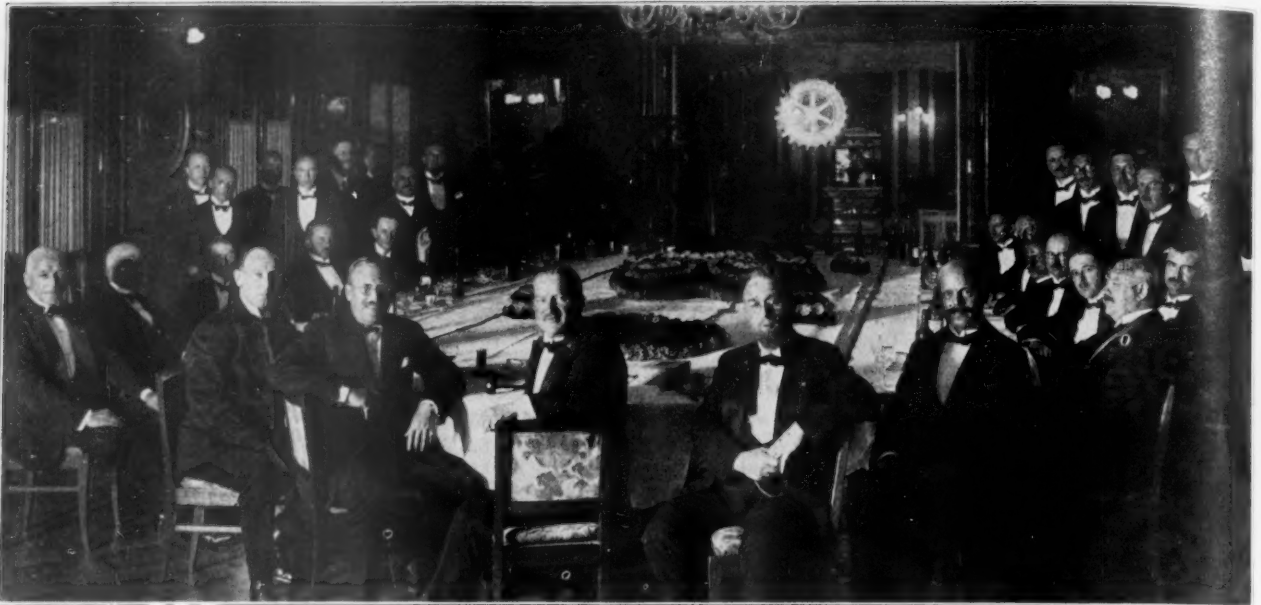
## Sousa Leads Boys' Band: Doesn't Get Nervous

HARTFORD, CONN.—Asked to conduct while the local boys' band played one march "Under Fire" Lieutenant Commander John Philip Sousa's smiling reply was "If I don't get nervous." He did not, nor did the boys, who were rewarded when the famous bandmaster complimented them on keeping so well



Five years of continuous research in the Arctic with the establishment of a permanent station at Kowk in Labrador was the scheme outlined by Commander Donald B. MacMillan at a luncheon of Portland, Maine, Rotarians. This group picture shows him with some of the other prominent guests. Back row (left to right) Representative Carroll L. Beedy; Ralph B. Redfern, president of Portland Rotary; Abraham Bromfield, dog driver of the MacMillan expedition; Mrs. Carroll L. Beedy; Mrs. Ralph B. Redfern; Harry A. Brinkerhoff, city manager; Percival P. Baxter, ex-Governor; Norman Russell of Newburyport, Mass., Rotary District Governor. Front row (left to right) Neal W. Allen, chairman, Portland City Council; Paul P. Harris of Chicago, founder of Rotary; Cyrus H. K. Curtis of Philadelphia; Mrs. Paul P. Harris; Commander Donald B. MacMillan of Freeport; Mrs. Letitia N. Fogg of Freeport; Mrs. Cyrus H. K. Curtis; and John Jaynes, engineer of the Bowdoin.





FROM, GRAND BALL, ST. MORITZ.

Here we have the Rotarians of St. Moritz, Switzerland, famous winter playground, together with several Rotarians from other Swiss clubs. There are now eight Rotary clubs in the mountain republic, that at St. Moritz being the most recent addition to the list.

in tune. The band, which is directed by William Tassillo and sponsored by Hartford Rotarians, was serenading Mayor Stevens at the municipal building.

#### *Inter-City Meet Pleases Americans, Canadians*

DULUTH, MINN.—A joint meeting of Rotarians in this vicinity was held at the Lutsen Resort during September. The meeting, which was suggested by the Rotarians of Fort William, Ontario, was attended by representatives from that city, from Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Duluth, Ely, Virginia, Two Harbors, Superior, Cloquet, and Minneapolis. Victor Anneke, vice-president of the Duluth club, presided; and the principal addresses were given by the Rev. Arthur Bruce, president of the Fort William club, and Bert Farrington of the Duluth club. The gathering proved so enjoyable that it was decided to make it an annual affair.

#### *Reading Matter For Institutions*

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA. — The secretary of the Rotary club collects magazines and books for which the members have no further use and distributes this material among the local hospitals, orphanages, reformatories, etc. Members are also asked to interest their friends in this service.

#### *The Wheel Is No Stronger Than the Spokes*

CLAYTON, N. C.—Something different in attendance charts is in use at the local Rotary club. The chart is in the form of a wheel, and the names of the various members appear at the end of each spoke. The spokes are divided

so that there is a space for recording attendance at each meeting. If the member is present, the space is filled in; if not, it remains blank. At the end of the year the chart will show the weak spokes and the strong ones.

#### *Provide Free Treatments For Needy Children*

VICHY, FRANCE. — During the past summer Rotarians of Vichy arranged a charity ball to secure funds for a project which will help poor children of various countries. The plan is to bring the children and their parents to Vichy, where famous mineral waters are available. Expenses of travel, treatment, and lodging are to be met by the club. Next summer they hope to care for twenty-five children, using the funds from the ball. Each year they hope to care for more children than previously. At opportune times the Vichy club will invite French, Belgian, Italian and British clubs to select one or more children from the poor and worthy people of their cities who can benefit by such treatments.

#### *Battle Field Becomes Property of State*

MECHANICVILLE, NEW YORK.—For the first time since the historic battle, the field of Saratoga has reverted to the possession of the State of New York. Thanks to efforts of interested citizens, including Mechanicville Rotarians the battle site has been incorporated in a State park. A flag was hoisted near the site of old Fort Neilson on Bemis Heights as the call to the colors rang out across the valley. A new era in the history of New York State had dawned, declared Dr. A. C. Flick, State historian. His words were

emphasized by Senator Copeland, by a staff writer of the *New York Times* who brought promise of further support from Adolph Ochs, publisher. Plans for further marking of Revolutionary battlefields, for the State control of such grounds, were advanced. Three hundred Rotarians led by George O. Slingerland applauded plans for the celebration of the sesqui-centennial of these historic events in 1927; for joint commemoration by British and Americans; pondered the success of a year's efforts. It was said that ninety-two of the 308 battles and skirmishes of the Revolutionary War occurred on the soil or water of New York State.

#### *Essays On "The One and the Many"*

BERGEN, NORWAY.—Young men and women of this city were invited to enter an essay competition, the subject to be "The Community and the Individual—Duties and Rights." This invitation was given wide publicity and many essays were received, some of which will be published later. No first prize was awarded but two second prizes of Kr. 150 and a third prize of Kr. 100 and a fourth prize of Kr. 50 were awarded. (The *krone* of Norway is equivalent to about 27 cents.)

#### *Citizens are Offered Free Swimming Lessons*

FAIRMONT, MINNESOTA. — Because this city is partially bounded by lakes, the local Rotarians decided that they could do no better service during the summer than to provide free swimming lessons for the populace. Accordingly Mervin Clark, winner of several aquatic championships, was engaged as

instructor and life guard. Instruction periods were arranged for the various classes of swimmers. Little children were given the greatest care, allowed in the water only at certain hours and sent home at the time requested by their parents. Older persons received training in life-saving and resuscitation as well as in swimming. Local papers endorsed the project, and the lessons became so popular that additional instructors were needed.

### Take Long Trip To Conference

SAN LUIS POTOSI, MEXICO.—Bent on Rotary education thirteen members of the local club travelled for twenty-four hours to Puebla where a meeting of Mexican Rotary executives was held. This is tangible proof of the interest Rotary commands in the clubs of the Republic.

### Hundred Per Cent Meetings For a Month

WOODBRIDGE, NEW JERSEY.—The local Rotary club has 39 members who heeded their president's appeal for perfect attendance for a month. Though the club had five meeting days in September the record was made. By a coincidence there were 39 "make-ups" needed to keep up the pace. One member was on a trip but made up every meeting.

### Five Hundred Children At Beach Picnic

PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Five hundred youngsters waving flags

came home in trucks; proclaimed shrill delight over a picnic day. They had just returned from the annual outing given by Portsmouth Rotarians. This year the party gathered on the beach near the Wallis Sands Coast Guard station; spent much time in the tumbling surf, gained marvelous appetites for the box luncheon.

### Hold Camp For Boys of Service Men

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.—After spending five weeks in camp at Shatton forty or fifty boys whose fathers died in the World War, came home much refreshed by their holiday. The boys were the guests of Sheffield Rotarians who arranged special entertainment for them each week.

### Hold "Florida Day" In North Carolina

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.—Many Floridan Rotarians spend the summer in Asheville so it has become the custom of the local club to observe Florida Day—usually some time in the latter part of August. The meeting is turned over to Florida Rotarians who arrange the program and provide for a menu of Florida products. This year's meeting was a great success, was attended by 200 including 75 Floridians.

### Marcel Franck Visits Vienna Club

VIENNA, AUSTRIA.—Marcel Franck of Paris, governor of the district comprising the Rotary clubs in France, recently

visited Vienna and received an ovation from local Rotarians. He expressed hope that past sorrows might lead to better understanding and closer union among European nations; that Rotary might play its part in bringing this about. He heartily agreed with the Vienna Rotarians that a certain similarity was observable in the national characteristics of both French and Austrians, the people of both nations being naturally light-hearted though at the same time they are capable of much industry and endurance.

### Four-County Calf Club Is Organized

ACKLEY, IOWA.—A short time ago Ackley Rotarians undertook to organize a calf club for the young people of the four counties contingent to the town. More recently 32 prospective members and the four county agents joined the Rotarians at luncheon, after which many of those present went to inspect some of the calves. Each Rotarian acts as sponsor for two members of the Calf Club and the calves will be entered at the Four County Grain Show to be held here in December.

### Inter-City Picnic Held in Canyon

MONTPELIER, IDAHO.—About thirty automobiles chugged along the trails to Emigration Canyon, halted, and simmered while Rotarians and Rotary Anns detached themselves from their picnic baskets. Soon the members of Montpelier and Preston Rotary clubs,

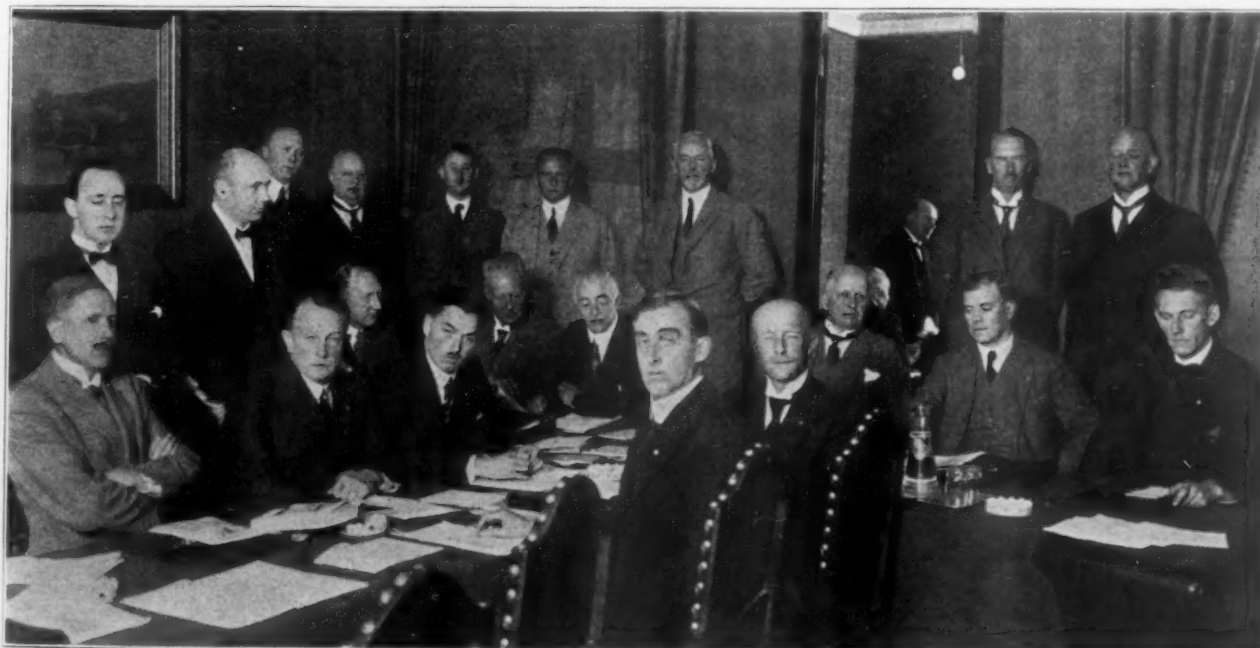


Photo: Wilso, Oslo.

The first conference of Norwegian Rotary was held in Oslo, September 4th and 5th. This picture shows Rotarians of Oslo, Stavanger, Bergen, and Trondhjem together with representatives of a new club in process of formation at Skien. Standing are (left to right) T. M. Viig, Oslo; J. Pedersen, Stavanger; K. Sande, Bergen; J. Schnitler, president, Bergen Rotary; T. H. Platou, Oslo; Aanesen, Skien; N. Parmann, Oslo; F. Sannicksen, Oslo; and H. Sinding-Larsen, Oslo. Seated at the back of the table are (left to right) T. H. Wegge, Oslo; Bockman, Skien; H. Florelius, Oslo; Kopp, Oslo; J. Martens, Oslo; K. Martens, Skien; J. Basberg, president, Oslo Rotary; E. Engelsen, secretary, Trondhjem Rotary; and G. Stabell, Trondhjem. In front of the table are G. Vedeler, Bergen (left) and O. Five, secretary, Oslo Rotary (right).

their wives and families were thoroughly acquainted, were enjoying speeches, singing, readings. Later there was a cafeteria lunch served by the Rotary Anns. The men folk munched, exchanged compliments regarding the culinary skill of the housewives. The ladies likewise nibbled, accepted compliments modestly.

### *The Broth Was Not Spoiled*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Local Rotarians met for the usual luncheon, exchanged the usual jests, added a few new ones directed at certain bravely smiling fellows. The meal was served, appetizing odors arose, one by one the anxious members smiled, grinned a bit sheepishly. The meal progressed, ended—there were complacent faces—no hurried departures.

Those club members who had furnished items for the special All-Rotary luncheon, at which each item on the menu was manufactured or sold by some Milwaukee Rotarian felt new pride in their products, received their due applause.

### *"Family" Gathering of Clubs*

WILLIMANTIC, CONN.—The Rotary club of New London was organized in 1917. Members of this club organized the New Norwich club in 1920, and from that city Rotary was taken to Willimantic in 1921. Then Willimantic men organized the Putnam Rotary club in 1923, and from this latter club went the men who organized Danielson Rotary in 1925.

Recently Willimantic Rotarians gave a dinner for their fellow-members of these other four clubs. It was a happy gathering of five "generations."

### *Boys Form First-Aid Class*

CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.—Combined efforts of the Boys Committee and the St. John's Ambulance Association resulted in the formation of a first-aid class among boys of the Tokai Reformatory. Examinations were held recently and twenty-eight of the thirty boys secured passing grades.

### *Floridan Clubs Carry On*

MIAMI, FLORIDA.—Recent reports to Chicago show that Miami Rotarians are still carrying on—the only member injured in the hurricane being now able to go to his office though he walks on crutches. Although the club as a whole got through very luckily there were serious cases of individual loss. For instance, Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, club president lost his home, many art treasures and souvenirs of his travels, also some manuscripts on which he had been working and some valuable books he had annotated. While the city of Miami largely escaped the storm, there is still great need among people of moderate means.

A wire from Hollywood (Florida) shows that Rotarians of that city held their usual meeting but the District Governor writes that they were "literally standing in water."

### *"Who Teach The Mind Its Proper Face to Scan"*

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.—The rose-tinted balloon of complacency exploded under a shower of verbal darts when the "knockers" group of the local Rotary club had their opportunity to comment on the shortcomings of club committees and other groups. While all comment was strictly impersonal it was sufficiently barbed to insure improvement and to bring forth cheers from those who frankly admitted their need of such discipline. The vacation season was undoubtedly responsible for the many charges of omission of duties, or of complete inactivity. No charges were resented, and there seemed to be a general feeling that such a timely checking up was of distinct benefit to those who had the courage to face facts.

### *Help Finance and Manage Cripples' Camp*

MONTREAL, QUEBEC.—A report from the Tyndale summer camp 35 miles north of this city shows that local Rotarians lent material help. Items include \$750 in cash, a large tent, various treats, many personal visits. At one time there were more than ninety children in camp, and the report mentions a total of 12,750 meals furnished. Despite frequent thunder storms the children enjoyed their outing mightily, grew plump and brown.

### *Almost One Club a Day*

EAST LONDON, SOUTH AFRICA.—In July a letter left this city for Chicago,



Photo: J. Bockstam, The Hague.

A large party of British Rotarians boarded the "S. S. Otranto" for a trip to Scandinavia. There was a stop-over at Holland where they held this meeting with Rotarians of The Hague and Rotterdam at a rendezvous just outside The Hague.



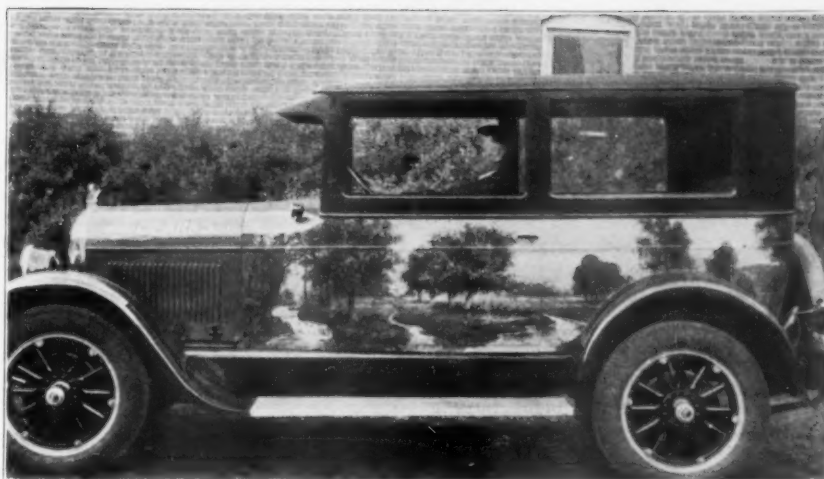
greeting greetings from "one of the youngest Rotary clubs"—correct terminology at the time. Since then approximately 100 new clubs have been welcomed into Rotary International.

As is customary, the East London club held a special celebration when the charter was presented by the District Governor. Among the distinguished guests was Admiral Sir M. Fitzmaurice, Commander-in-Chief of the Africa Station. Rotary Anns were each presented with appropriate souvenirs.

### To Hold Five Zone Conferences In Forty-First District

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.—Something different in Rotary conferences was established in the 41st District this year, when arrangements were made for five "zone" conferences embracing five geographic groups of Rotary clubs in Texas. The plan is essentially a compromise between the inter-city meeting and the district conferences. It has some original features. Five leading clubs, Amarillo, Wichita Falls, Fort Worth, Waco, and Abilene will be hosts to these one-day conferences which are set for dates ranging from the latter part of October to the first of December. The conferences will be held on the regular meeting day of the host club in each instance and each Rotarian attending will pay a \$2 registration fee and will also pay for his own luncheon. Rotary Anns will be registered free and will receive special invitations. These registration fees from all five zones will be pooled and used to pay the expenses of the district governor, of out-of-town speakers, and other costs. A general chairman will see to the printing of programs, the supply of badges, and supervise other details for all zones. Each zone chairman will appoint a conference committee to assist him in administering the details incident to his own zone conference. These details include arranging for a meeting-place, attending to registration, providing song-leaders, stationery, and arranging for any entertainment the host club may care to offer. It is left to the discretion of the host club whether or not post-conference entertainment shall be provided for guests.

There are approximately 1,600 Rotarians in the Forty-first District and it is hoped to have at least 200 registered at each conference. Suitable publicity will be stressed, and good attendance is expected. The program for each conference includes such topics as: "Organization and Growth of Rotary;" "Rotary in Texas;" "Inter-city Meetings;" "Better Business Methods;" "THE ROTARIAN magazine;" "Rotary Around the World;" "Fellowship in Rotary;" "Boys Work" (with report on student loans); "Waco Conference;"



This is not a new form of camouflage but the car of a Rotarian who sells real estate at Siloam Springs, Arkansas. T. A. Trowbridge finds that the Ozark scenes on his car bring many inquiries—and save time when he wishes to have a car in a parade. Doubtless the idea will be widely copied and the traffic lanes will be as resplendent as the billboards.

"The Rotary School;" "The Ostend Convention" and "The Philosophy of Rotary." Time for discussion is allotted in connection with several of these items.

Harry Rogers, International president; Everett W. Hill, past international president; Allen Street, first vice-president; and Jim Palmer, of Shreveport, La., chairman of the Committee on Education, are among the speakers who are expected to visit one or more of these zone conferences.

Interesting features of the conferences are the possibilities of having members of every club in the district share the inspiration; advantages of the one-day limit; and the chance for local Rotarians to hear their international officers with comparatively small outlay of time or money.

### Small Club Is Host For Executives Conference

SANTA MARIA, CALIFORNIA.—A few months ago local Rotarians decided that they could entertain the Executives' Conference of their district. True, no club of thirty-two members had ever (so far as they knew) done such a thing before. Still the Santa Maria Rotarians believed it could be done and so invited their District Governor, Fred McClung, to make a personal investigation.

Santa Maria has only 5,000 inhabitants and its passenger trains stop when the trolley comes off. However, the great State highway, El Camino Real, passes through the center of the city, and the high school is very well equipped. Therefore after checking up on hotel accommodations and inspecting the fine auditorium at the high school the District Governor informed his eager audience "All right—go ahead—but remember that you are undertaking something that has never been done in a town of this size. That means that every man must go through with his individual share of the job you've asked for. You have officially assumed responsibility for the success of this conference."

After which President Lou Crawford announced that the first thing on the program was a funeral service—the burial of "Old Man Alibi." Then committees were appointed and by September

(Continued on page 48)

## Resolution

By a unanimous vote, accompanied by a very deep feeling of gratitude and fellowship, the Rotary Club of Miami, Florida, passed the following resolution today:

**RESOLVED;** That the Rotary Club of Miami, Florida, extends our heartfelt thanks to the many thousands of Rotarians and their respective clubs who have so greatly helped to raise our courage and thrill our hearts by their messages and contributions of money to help alleviate the ravages of the great storm.

We wish to inform you that our club will never forget the spontaneous expressions of good will and brotherhood which have been received in these trying days from Rotarians throughout the world. It has been a demonstration serving to prove to us more strongly than ever the truth of our motto, "Service above Self."

ROTARY CLUB OF MIAMI,  
FLORIDA

CLAYTON S. COOPER,  
President.

A. L. EVANS,  
Secretary.

# A Dollar Down

*How installment buying originated and its tremendous increase in the United States in recent years*

*By Harry Botsford*

**A** DOLLAR DOWN" today is a term that is as familiar as F. O. B., C. O. D., Eskimo Pie and as respectable as belonging to the Y. M. C. A. or the K. C.

Time was when installment buying wasn't looked upon as being entirely respectable. Even today, in isolated circles, it isn't considered good form or as an economic justification. But the majority today are agreed that installment buying is dignified and respectable. In proof thereof, the Gold Coast residents and the folks who live "across the tracks" are taking up the matter with vim and enthusiasm.

However—we were going to discuss how it all happened—so let's return to cause before effect is discussed.

If we will only roll back the scroll of years a few decades it will assist us to reach the genesis of this credit-complex. The sewing-machine and the various mechanical farm implements, are fields in which our investigation will start. Perhaps it would be well to eliminate, at one fell swoop, the farm implement field, because credit business with such items was usually carried out by established dealers. To get at the root of the matter we must start with concerns that really gave the matter its original impetus in a general way.

Consider, please, just what the makers of sewing-machines were up against. When they were first launched, advertising was in its swaddling clothes: stabilized business was looking upon the new art with a jaundiced eye and it was generally conceded that advertising might be all right for circuses and patent-medicine concerns but outside of that it was very, very doubtful if it had a place in the development of potential markets or the expansion of actual markets. Also, at this particular time, mass-production was just getting a sound start.

The sewing-machine manufacturers had a good product. The women of the world needed their product. The potential market was so tremendous that it made the makers gasp. The whole question centered around being able to introduce and sell the product.

It was then that it was decided to sell "on time" to responsible customers. This decision was reached because the cost of sewing-machines involved a considerable sum. The United States was in none too prosperous a condition and

the women who deserved sewing-machines and who really needed them were, in a large percentage of instances, the wives of wage-earners.

So the scheme was launched with some trepidation. Agents were sent out and at first the farm districts were "worked" because it was felt that in the rural fields a certain inherent stability existed that did not exist in the cities and towns—a stability largely based on the ownership of land. The farm men and women watched with proverbial bated breath the demonstration of the sewing-machine—the women with a reluctant admiration and the men with speculative interest. Desire was created and quickened into a distinct yearning to buy. Timidly the price was asked and when it was named their countenances were downcast. Then the agent announced that the machine could be sold "on time." The farmer's family discussed the matter. They were, in a way, accustomed to buying on that plan; their retailers were accustomed to long-term credits usually payable after the harvest season. This, however, was different; for the money they owed would be owing to the Hemtuck Sewing Machine Company, Inc.,

and not to Charley Vincent, the grocer, and a member of the same lodge and the same church. However all objections were ironed out. The sewing-machine was bought; it was paid for out of income, in slow dribblets until at last the title passed and the proposition was erased from the books. During the time of payment the housewife had the use of the sewing-machine and very soon it took on equal importance as an article of household furniture with the kitchen range.

The sewing-machine agents then invaded the cities and the towns and established throughout the length and breadth of the land a national complex that there were times when it did pay to "buy on time." In the process some of the sewing-machine manufacturers went broke; others increased mass-production, lowered prices, made better products and accumulated a vast reserve of deserved dividends.

And so it was that the "dollar-down" buying habit was launched. Next in line came the manufacturers of musical instruments, notably the organ and piano manufacturers and they discovered that if they used a little discretion in the selection of their credit risks that credit-selling paid. Then the kitchen-range folk seized upon the idea and proceeded to promote it in a profitable manner.

SO far you will note that all this buying is centered around a distribution route of manufacturer-agent-consumer. In the meanwhile the established retailer watched the progress of the buying. They noted customer after customer being bitten with the credit virus and buying items direct from the manufacturer through the manufacturers' agents—items which they, themselves, carried in stock and which they had never yet sold "on time." Tentatively and almost timidly first one and then another retailer broke into credit selling.

"Look here, Bill," the hardware man would say, "if the Hotstuff Range Company can sell you a new range on time I can too! I've known you all your life and I know you are honest. I've never cheated you yet and I'm not going to begin now. I can give you terms every bit as liberal as the Hotstuff people can and my Bakeandfry Range

**M**UCH discussion has been held concerning this matter of installment buying. Many men have prophesied that long-term buying would prove a menace rather than a help to business. While this view does not seem entirely justified in cases where the extension of credit is properly handled, we may well wonder at the influence which this form of purchase has had on the habits of the people.

In this article, Harry Botsford traces the growth of installment buying in the United States, where it has been developed farther than in any other country. While he recognizes that there is much to be said both for and against installment buying he believes that most people are honest and that the worst risks might be kept at a minimum by the establishment of a central credit agency through which all references would have to pass.

is every bit as good as theirs. What do you say?"

And Bill usually said "Yes!"

For Bill the new system worked out very nicely. But the hardware dealer ran up against a snag. He bought direct from the Bakeandfry people. Thirty days from date of shipment they expected their money. As long as the range was an inventory item or when it was sold outright for hard cash, the Bakeandfry people got their money. But when other Bills bought the ranges at a dollar down the hardware dealer found that he had to have capital. So he went to his banker. And the average banker heard Bill's story in shocked silence and then sharply reproved him for his venture in such a field and bowed him out of the office. Then the chances are that he called in the bookkeeper and instructed him to keep a sharp eye on the hardware dealer's account and see that it didn't get overdrawn. The hardware dealer, of course, was depressed. However, he was not whipped.

"Well, if my banker won't help me out," said the hardware dealer, "I'm just going to put it right up to the Bakeandfry people—it's their problem as much as mine."

He did so. And the Bakeandfry people were ready for him. They had already been receiving other inquiries. So they introduced the hardware dealer to a brand new and somewhat complicated species of banking wherein he turned over to them lease bailments representing the obligations unpaid on ranges and acted as collector—remitting to them once a month or oftener until such time as a sliding scale of invoice billings were wiped out. And that let the hardware dealer out.

The Bakeandfry people, naturally, were good enough business men to know that they couldn't carry the entire burden of this credit business themselves. Consequently they passed the paper on to their bankers and these bankers, being substantial men of affairs and exceedingly liberal in their outlook on business, accepted the paper at the usual discount. And thus the cycle was completed. In almost every industry about the same thing happened with slight and unimportant variations.

**D**URING this period the use of individual credit became more general. It also took on a certain element of respectability. Then it remained for a shrewd jobber to take the final step which had the appearance of being exceedingly hazardous. This jobber bought at a distinct bargain a large lot of phonographs then very popular and just being successfully launched. He decided to sell these machines by mail. And "on time"! It was a radical

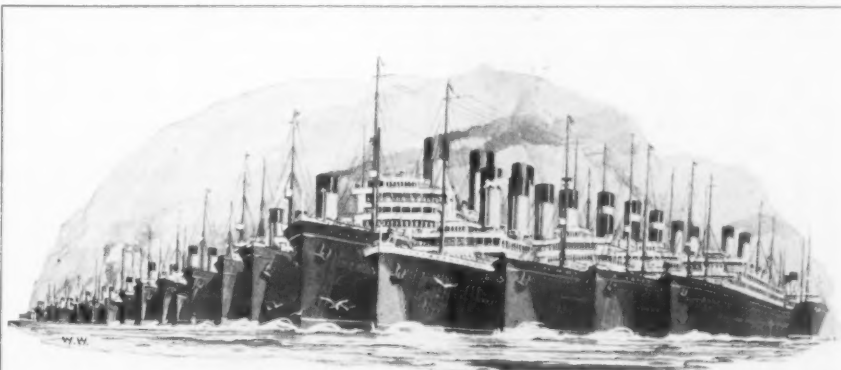
departure from accepted form and his failure was freely predicted.

"I think I know human nature," the jobber said stubbornly. "Every man is inherently honest and I'm going to prove it."

Strangely enough his distribution and sales plan proved to be very sound. He asked from each customer three references: a pastor or priest, a doctor, and a local merchant. The credit customer believed that the phonograph man would write to each of these references and consequently selected names of established reputation. The phonograph man figured that any individual

who could furnish references of this character was a reliable credit-risk. So he never bothered to investigate a single reference; at times he did have to hint to the debtor that it might be necessary to call the attention of the man given as a reference to the delinquency of the account and when this happened the debtor usually paid up. In all the years this individual was in business (and the volume of business he did was tremendous) his losses from poor credit risks amounted to practically zero.

Naturally when this became known others were not averse to adopting the



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plan. Jewelry concerns stepped into the field and found that the public were not averse to buying diamonds and other gleaming and colorful gems and gimcracks on the "dollar down" basis.

Then—and by this time the total credit business in the United States had reached an amazing total; that is credit business as it relates to the user or consumer and not to listed concerns or individuals—along came a crisis in the automotive field that gave to the credit-complex its greatest impetus. Faced with over-production, toppling inventories and a driving need for funds and mass-production that could turn out a great daily output, something had to be done. So the "buy-from-income-and-not-from-savings" idea of selling automobiles went into effect. Again, in the final analysis the bankers were the final link in the chain.

Automobiles, like sewing-machines, filled a great need, a common need. The sewing-machine had only utility to commend it; the motor car had utility plus appearance and great pleasure possibilities and instead of appealing to only one member of the family, it appealed to all alike.

The public began to buy motor cars from earnings. They are still at it. They will never stop. Meanwhile the motor plants of Detroit and elsewhere, the accessory manufacturers, the rubber plants of Akron, the steel mills of Pittsburgh, of Gary, and the glass works at Pittsburgh continue to flourish and black smoke belches from their stacks; they employ hundreds of thousands of wage earners and when Henry Ford, Mr. Chrysler and Mr. Willys and the other gentlemen go to the bank on Saturday morning to make their modest deposits the bankers sprain their ankles to get out into the lobby and shake hands with them and discuss the present status of the old-time waltz or a round of golf.

"Dollar down" is with us; the question appears to center around a discussion as to whether or not credit buying is good for the individual, good for business; in a phrase, is installment buying a sound economic buying habit? Opinions on this angle are divided; all, however, concerned, agree that installment buying like the absorption of alcoholic beverages, if taken in moderation, if wisely and sanely administered, is sound economically.

Of course there has been intemperate buying, far too much of it. People will be intemperate and buy beyond their income-capacity. Perhaps this practice of mortgaging incomes and neglecting to put aside a savings fund against emergency, is more general than commonly supposed.

I can quote two instances which may or may not prove the case. Two years ago I was a patient in a large sani-

tarium (the largest of its kind in the world) and when I was discharged it happened that I was the oldest (in point of time) patient in the institution. The executives of the sanitarium I knew rather well and as a consequence I was taken into their confidence on several angles of the business side of curing people of specific ills through the cunning use of sundry edged instruments.

"Fully 80 per cent of our patients are unable to pay for their operations and care," one of the executives told me. "As a result, because we are engaged in this business for reasons that are not entirely confined to making a profit, we are forced to do a credit business. Our patients come here from every part of the world; they represent a cross-section of humanity—yet 80 per cent of them cannot pay for the service given them and prefer, or rather insist on the payment period covering several years. Ten years ago not over 30 per cent of our patients asked for time payment privileges and those who did so, did it in an abashed and timid manner—today the patient calmly and boldly demands the privilege of extended time."

And there you are! No better example could indicate the prevalence of mortgaged incomes and the general acceptance of the installment idea. This year my wife was a patient in a general hospital and the gentlemen in charge of the financial affairs of the institution verified, in every respect, the figures given me by the sanitarium official.

"It has now reached a point," he explained, "where we must before entrance is effected to the facilities of the hospital, center and establish responsibility for the bill to be incurred. We must examine with an appraising eye the financial resources of the responsible member of the family involved; we temper our judgment with as much common-sense charity as is permissible. Frankly, some of the revelations made in this little confessional of mine have been startling. I have found men with incomes that were mortgaged to the hilt—in one case there remained after the current installments on the furniture, radio, and electric-washer were paid, only three dollars a week; this, of course, after rent and current bills other than installments, were paid. Other cases I could mention, closely parallel this. Strangely enough these cases are not always confined to young married couples whose buying has been carried beyond reason by youthful enthusiasm that overbalances good judgment. Many cases represent older couples—people in the forties and fifties."

"Mostly uneducated or high-wage-qualified foreigners?" I inquired.

"Not a bit of it!" he told me. "Many of those involved are educated, quietly minded people; people who enjoy incomes of over \$3,000 a year—yet they seem to have no sense of proportion as it relates to the distribution of income." Not a pleasant picture!

But there remains another angle and that is this: both the sanitarium and hospital officials paid a glowing tribute to the inherent and dependable honesty of the average installment buyer with whom they came in contact. Both stated that their credit losses were very small.

The credit manager of a large retail establishment in Pittsburgh handles thousands of credit-seekers each year. He is frankly pessimistic in regard to the "dollar down" buyers.

"If you could hire an accountant or a bookkeeper to go over these cards," he said, tapping a big file in which their debtors were listed, "and if that gentleman would examine the assets and liabilities of each individual, I feel safe in wagering that, judged on the same basis as a going commercial institution, 90 per cent of them would be adjudged bankrupt! In the line of experiment I have tried this out in a few cases where the credit-seeker was 100 per cent frank as to assets and liabilities and I have yet to find a single one who was not a potential bankrupt. If the credit-buying capacity of this store was based on the qualifications of the average retail-credit buyer, we could go into the market and buy upward of a billion dollars worth of goods."

**I**N the final analysis, all credit buying imposes a certain burden on industry—a burden that involves much financing and scientific banking and the sacrificing of some potential profits. Some individuals and organizations are most outspoken in regard to the danger attendant on too much and too promiscuous installment and credit buying. Among those who feel that installment buying and selling is being carried beyond the bounds of reason and safety, is my friend J. H. Tregoe, executive head of the National Association of Credit Men, and certainly it is difficult to refute the many arguments he advances against intemperate "dollar down" buying.

Naturally the installment buyer pays a premium for the privilege of buying from income—in a number of fields that premium is undoubtedly beyond reason. I read not long ago in a national publication of a man who built up a tremendous holding, on money which he borrowed and for which he paid 25 per cent—he succeeded in an outstanding fashion but any banker or

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any good business man will agree that it is doubtful if any commercial opportunity exists which would justify the payment of 25 per cent on money to invest in speculation on that opportunity. Where this one man succeeded, hundreds have failed. That man was paying too great a premium—even as the installment buyer of certain commodities and luxuries often pays too high a price for the privilege of deferred payment.

It is impossible to consider this installment buying without sooner or later reaching the point where we must

decide what is a commodity and what is a luxury. Even the most hardened opponents of credit buying often admit that if installment buying did not include luxuries it might be a sound economic buying principle. The difference between a commodity and a luxury is a question that makes for provoking discussion. We might reason that a farmer who buys a tractor with which to cultivate his acres more quickly and economically, is buying a commodity. On the other hand, would it be fair to assume that if the farmer bought a radio on installments, that he was buy-

ing a luxury? Radio, in this case, would represent a border-line item; the farmer's use of it to secure market and weather reports and to listen to farm lectures would represent the commodity angle—and when the family listened to jazz strains—should we call that a luxury? We cannot dodge the fact that the luxury of yester-year is the necessity of today. True economy, for example, in the use of electrical appliances is common today—just a few years ago the electric-washer, percolator, toaster, heater, range, dishwasher, fan—these were luxuries—today they are commodities. Jewelry one can say without fear of contradiction, is a luxury. A fur coat, a phonograph, an automobile might figure in the luxury class, yet by a given set of circumstances they might easily be commodities, or necessities. It is exceedingly difficult to say with any degree of certitude just where necessity stops and luxury begins. It all depends on a state of mind and circumstances that vary in a wide range.

"Dollar down" buying appears to be with us to stay. There are those who favor it and there are those who oppose it. Certainly, no other nation in the world has a similar buying habit so generally accepted and universally embraced. It has been stated that should the United States ever again go through "panic" days, that the tremendous volume of credit buying would prove to be a dangerous menace that would pull down many national concerns, to say nothing of taking with them thousands of retailers; it has been said by conservative economists that in the event of such a panic the entire commercial machinery of the nation would be seriously crippled. Other economists assert that this could not happen and that the very fact that credit risks are so scattered and so spread among all classes, instead of being a menace, would be a real stabilizer. All phases of credit buying are open, it appears, to dispute.

WHERE will credit buying stop? No one knows; each year sees the volume steadily increasing; each year sees new luxuries, new commodities being listed among those available to credit buyers. And here is a peculiar thing—let a frankly admitted luxury open the way to purchase through deferred payment, shortly it becomes in the minds of many, an absolute necessity to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In the past year, for example, it has been noted that automobiles selling at prices above \$4,000, up as high as \$12,000, are openly advertising that these *de luxe* machines may be bought on extended payments. The most highly priced musical instruments favored by famous professionals may be purchased

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on the deferred-payment plan. Alongside these super-necessities, if we may term them such, are such items as roofing materials and paint, whose manufacturers have advocated widely the sale of these undoubted necessities on time. Yet even a roof may become expensively artistic. It must remain a matter of pure conjecture as to what variety will be added in the future.

I venture this prediction in regard to "dollar down" selling; in the future, installment vendors, as their volume of losses increases, will insist on a more accurate rating of credit risks; when the man or the woman desiring credit privileges must list *honestly* and frankly all assets and liabilities and that, with these figures before him, the credit man will establish a credit-limit on purchases strictly in keeping with the sensible and inelastic ratio that exists between a given income and a provident savings account against emergency. Perhaps a credit-clearing house may be established and before a credit buyer could approach John Jones, motor-car dealer, or William Brown, radio dealer, he would have to be examined, analyzed and listed at the central credit-clearing house, which would be supported by all credit-sellers. Then the credit-buyer, armed with his credentials and his rating, would approach the vendor and would be able to buy only up to a certain inflexible limit. Such a scheme I believe, would eliminate many of the evils, complexities, and uncertainties that now surround "dollar down" buying.

### A Lonesome Boy

THE boy sat huddled so close to the woman in gray that everyone felt sure he belonged to her; so when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoes into the broadcloth skirts of his left-hand neighbor, she leaned over and said: "Pardon me, madam, will you kindly make your little boy square himself around? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes."

The woman in gray blushed a little and nudged the boy away.

"My boy?," she said, "My goodness, he isn't mine."

The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow that he could not touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them out straight in front of him like pegs to hang things on, and looked at them deprecatingly.

"I am sorry I got your dress dirty," he said to the woman on his left. "I hope it will brush off."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said. Then as his eyes were still fastened upon hers, she added: "Are you going up town alone?"

"Yes ma'am," he said. "I always go

alone. There isn't anybody to go with me. Father is dead and mother is dead. I live with Aunt Clara, in Brooklyn, but she said Aunt Clara ought to help do something for me, so once or twice a week, when she gets tired and wants to go some place to get rested up, she sends me over to stay with Aunt Anna. I am going up there now. Sometimes I don't find Aunt Anna at home, but I hope she will be at home today, because it looks as if it is going to rain, and I don't like to hang around in the street in the rain."

The woman felt something uncomfortable in her throat and she said: "You are a very little boy to be knocked about this way," rather unsteadily.

"Oh, I don't mind," he said. "I never get lost. But I get lonesome sometimes on the long trips, and when I see anybody that I think I would like to belong to, I scrooge up close to her so I can make believe that I really belong to her. This morning I was playing that I belonged to that lady on the other side of me, and I forgot all about my feet. That is why I got your dress dirty."

The woman put her arms around the tiny chap and "scrooged" him up so close that she hurt him, and every woman who had heard his artless confidence looked as if she would not only let him wipe his shoes on her best gown, but would rather he did it than not.—*New York Times*.



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## The Realization of Rotary Ideal

By Louis F. Jordan

**F**RANK and I were entering the luncheon-room of the Rotary Club at Waynesboro, Virginia. I remarked to him: "We ought to try for the reward offered by THE ROTARIAN for a club activity article."

It was Frank's answer which gave me the theme for what I am about to write.

"We had better wait until we do something first," came with all seriousness from my old friend.

Now, first of all, let me say a word about Frank. He is one of my best friends. We grew up in the same town, went to school together, share many of the same ideals. I know Frank's loyalty to Rotary and his deep interest in all community projects and so I know that he was sincere in what he said. He couldn't exactly visualize the results of the Rotary Club which was organized not quite a year in our community.

We did not have an opportunity to further discuss the article for THE ROTARIAN. The members had gathered preparatory to entering the luncheon-room. Frank got away from me and I sat with one of the new Rotarians.

But all through that luncheon I did some thinking. I kept saying to myself, "Frank, old boy, you're dead wrong. This Rotary Club has accomplished something well worth telling."

And then the thought which underlies this story took form. I looked in the direction of Frank, and said to myself: "Frank, you're the beneficiary of this achievement and you don't know it."

So if this sketch fails it is either because I am a poor hand at writing or the rules of the contest require some one concrete illustration of Rotary activity. But I am not skeptical. I believe that general achievement of those things Rotary stands for is specific enough, and that a rehearsal of civic betterment, and of the personal betterment of members in a club which directly places the individual and the community on a higher plane than it was before the organization of the club, is far better than to concentrate on any one phase of Rotary's broad program.

Let's compare my town before Rotary came into it with the town at the present time, when the club has had an existence of less than a year.

My town was entitled, by all the rules, to civic progress, but it had not been making it. Her people were intellectual enough to enjoy all the blessings intellectuality should bring to a people. But, strange as it may seem, the town

was divided into cliques; men carried their business formality into what social relations they had but the social relations were not sufficient to bring about that close fellowship Rotary alone gave them.

I pride myself on being a member of the Rotary Club for I feel that the men of my community who stand for whatever progress it has made, who shape the destinies of its City Council, its Chamber of Commerce, who have realized an altogether different "philosophy of life," since becoming Rotarians, that these same things have likewise caused me to have a different "philosophy of life."

In the first place, the attendance of Waynesboro Rotary has been the subject of comment in the circles of Rotary beyond the confines of Waynesboro. In the second place, men in the community who had seemed stiff and unapproachable to me had become the most congenial of fellows. And thirdly, these traits I saw manifested at the weekly luncheons were permeating every phase of activity of their daily lives. Certain "hard boiled" men were being changed; others were cultivating an appreciation of good music; still others, the arts and good literature; some had widened their scope of knowledge of the other fellow's calling which they had not shared before.

Well, this is a pretty large order of accomplishment, and if Frank ever sees this in print I'll wager that he takes back that statement he made the other day when we met for luncheon.

It's all right to have "Objects, Code of Ethics, Platform, and Resolution 34," but how much better it is to see around you the practical application. It reminds one that the old saying, "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a mighty good text to follow when speaking about the value of Rotary.

And what is better still, is the unconscious effect of accomplishing the good Rotary instills in us. I will bring Frank into this once more. It is to his credit that he formed a component part of this achievement with a feeling that neither he nor the club had done anything worth mentioning.

The president of our club is mayor of our town. The president of our Chamber of Commerce and the secretary as well, are both Rotarians. The preacher in the community who has the best hold on the young folks is a Rotarian. I could go on down the club roster but this will serve the next illustration.

The town, in every way has gone forward in a most progressive manner since the establishment of Rotary. The

Mayor and Council are known for civic improvements recently effected; the Chamber of Commerce never had a more efficient set of officers—officers who are giving considerable time to the problems and who are bringing, incidentally, plants and new folks to lodge at Waynesboro. These men all serve without pay and are putting Waynesboro on the map along with the Great National Park of which it will certainly be the gateway.

There may be other equally valuable maxims underlying the genius of Rotary, but I know of no one that encompasses them all better than the phrase, "Rotary is a philosophy of life."

Rotary, it is true, is difficult to define and impossible of accurate analysis in its every application. But when we see men virtually made over, a community springing into sudden growth and civic refinements that it had never enjoyed before, we can but believe the club is coming fast into the realm of accomplishment.

Civic betterment—to approach the conception of an ideal of a true philosophy of life, is a *state* of existence "devoutly to be wished," as Shakespeare has well expressed it. Is there a better platform than that of Rotary for such accomplishment? When we find the transitions I have briefly related here, we can but believe them to be proof of this ideal.

This platform is something tangible. Why? Because in the cultural change and outward manifestation of a new philosophy of life our members are un-

consciously practicing what they have been preaching; and through their sacrifice and interest in everything about them, a better community is being built.

Perhaps you will be discontent with the proof offered. However, I want to leave you without any misconception of the basic idea underlying my theme. Whatever may be lacking in my method of presentation, the fact remains that we are confident that it is the very height of achievement and of accomplishment, to have received the *spirit* of Rotary in so short a space of time and to have had its organic principle so deeply imbedded as to make a club of true Rotarians.

If you say, "Let the deed speak and write of that," I will answer you by saying that a club imbued with all that Rotary teaches goes forth unconsciously under Rotary's influence; and after all to be a chief factor in building big a community which for years had potentiality only awaiting a quickening influence, is an achievement of the highest order.

I am a newcomer to Rotary. I have had the privilege to know Rotary only a very short time. I know what it has done for me. I know what it has done for Waynesboro. I am in a better position than Frank or the other fellows to interpret its achievement in Waynesboro because they have been members longer; their transition has been an unconscious transformation effected through Rotary, as has their achievement of civic betterment and all that civic betterment embraces.

## IN SPITE OF FAULTS

By CHARLES S. KINNISON

OUR search is one that ne'er will end.  
If we are searching for a friend  
Who has no faults—he can't be found  
Though we may look the world around.  
Of all the friends that we might claim,  
There is not one whom we can name  
Who's just as we would have him be,  
Who satisfies us perfectly.

They have their faults we can't deny—  
They're much the same as you and I.  
So we are wrong to ask, I say,  
That they be right in every way.  
I ask no more of any friend  
Than on his friendship to depend.  
Whatever wrong that friend may do,  
I'll overlook—if he be true.

He may be wrong, but even so,  
My friendship still to him I owe;  
And if he shows that he is frail  
In certain ways, I should not fail  
To offer him a helpful hand,  
To let him know I understand—  
To let him know what'er befall,  
He's still my friend, in spite of all.

And then for this, I ask in turn,  
When I am weak that he not spurn  
Me in my weakness, in my wrong—  
But stand by me in faith that's strong.  
Imperfect? Yes—but friends in spite  
Of all our faults, through wrong or right.  
Whatever else my friend may do,  
I'll overlook, if he be true.

No Town  
Need Be  
Under-Hoteled

—not when cities and towns in your own immediate vicinity have built, or are building, new, modern hotels. Chances are your needed hotel would have been built ere this but for the lack of adequate financing.

Chances, are, too, that the hotel in your nearest competitive town had the same problem, until it was financed by the modern method.

Your city can have a modern hotel if it's \*Hockenbury financed!

Ask that your name be placed on our complimentary Rotarian list, "R-11," that we may send you regularly, a copy of THE HOTEL FINANCIALIST, a journal devoted to community hotel financing. It's suggestions may help you get a new hotel for your city.

\*Hockenbury Financed is synonymous with economy, celerity, certainty, in hotel financing.

The HOCKENBURY SYSTEM Inc.  
• Penn-Harris Trust Bldg. •  
• HARRISBURG-PENNA •



## Rotary Club Activities

(Continued from page 39)

ber 16th Santa Maria was all dressed up, ready for guests. The advance guard of the conference appeared in force, 203 having arrived by the 18th. Rotarians came by auto, came part way by train and were met by the Transportation Committee, came by stage coach, and one Past District Governor (Bru' Brunier) came by airplane from San Francisco. Final registration showed 129 clubs represented by 316 Rotarians and 86 guests.

The conference got under way on the 19th. At noon local Rotarians entertained their guests at a buffet luncheon held in the high-school patio. At night there was a banquet in the high-school gymnasium, with a local Rotarian and his wife presiding over each of the 22 tables. After that there was a public entertainment in the high-school auditorium. The principal address was given by the secretary of the International Society for Chipped Children, and there was a humorous skit given by Santa Barbara Rotarians. Local Kiwanians said it with flowers, which were acknowledged by Jesse Chambers, past president of the local Rotary club with a high tribute to the donors.

Next day there was a breakfast for club secretaries and one for club presidents. Jack Williams of Long Beach, Past District Governor discussed "World Wide Rotary." It was during his term of office (1922-3) that the Santa Maria club was organized. Attendance promotion for the Ostend convention was also discussed before Governor Fred gave the final message of a very successful conference.

### *Sixth Object Committee Studies Its Field*

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—The Sixth Object Committee of Cleveland Rotary is headed by Clarence Collings, former District Governor, and includes in its personnel five members who have all travelled considerably. Two of them attended the Edinburgh convention—all have visited many other Rotary clubs. The first meeting of this committee lasted two and a half hours and was attended by all five members. They decided that all overseas students attending local colleges should be invited to club luncheons; that consuls of various governments and officers of foreign societies were other guests whose presence would aid the development of Rotary's aims. All of this, they believed, could be arranged in addition to the program outlined by Rotary International.

At the second meeting, Hon. Theodore E. Burton, member of Congress

for many years and an international statesman was the committee's guest. He praised Rotary's efforts on behalf of international good-will and predicted that the Ostend convention would further these aims. He will discuss the Sixth Object at the club luncheon on November 4th.

### *More Than Six Hundred Attend Fall Conclave*

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Despite the loss of 500 members due to redistricting the attendance at the Fall Conclave of Thirtieth District Rotary was approximately 630, or 33 per cent more than that of last year. The Conclave which was held at Lenox, Mass., on September 28th-30th was chiefly a social affair and was attended by many Rotary Anns. This year the sports included golf, tennis, baseball, croquet, horse-shoe-pitching, clock golf; entertainment included various dinners, breakfasts, etc., under the management of certain clubs, auto trips, talks, an electrical display, music, dancing, cards, movies, and a trip to Great Barrington Fair. Donald A. Adams, immediate past president, and others gave brief discussions of Rotary matters at one dinner.

Altogether there was something for every taste and the scenery of the Berkshire hills for all. Needless to say all present enjoyed their vacation among the pines.

### *Meeting Place Under Five Feet of Water*

BEARDSTOWN, ILL.—During the last few weeks Rotary Club No. 1367 has been carrying on under difficulties in this city on the east bank of the Illinois river (pop. 8,000). Floods which swept through the city left the club's usual meeting place five feet under water, and individual members have had a hard time to save their business places from destruction. President Dieterich answered questions about meetings by the announcement that the regular meeting would be held on the second floor of the Elks' Club.

Boatloads of Rotarians duly arrived and nineteen hip-booted members found that there was plenty of light even if no heat was noticeable. Sandwiches and coffee were the main items on the menu and there was no set program but everyone made a brief, optimistic speech.

### *Blaze of Decorations On Charter Night*

JERSEY SHORE, PENNSYLVANIA.—When the Jersey Shore Rotary club received its charter in September the auditorium of the local Y. M. C. A. was ablaze with color. Numerous flags, streamers, balloons, sixty evergreen trees, rows of artificial and natural flowers and many electric lights provided a vivid setting for the speeches of John Uhl, district governor; Col. Ezra Ripple, past district governor; Harry Fish, past International director; and others. The club now has 24 members.

### *How Ambitions Change in Twenty Years*

SANTA ANA, CAL.—One stunt employed by local Rotarians to give variety to the club programs is being copied by other clubs. The stunt works like this:

One by one club members are asked to state (1) where they were twenty years ago, (2) what they were doing, (3) what their ambition was at that time, and (4) what their ambition is today. Many original replies were given, and incidentally the stunt gives interesting information on the change in viewpoint that comes with maturity.

### *Rotarians From 13 Countries Attend Y. M. C. A. Conference*

"S. S. OBRERON."—Fifteen Rotarians, bound for a Y. M. C. A. conference at Helsingfors, Finland, met for tea on board the "S. S. Obreron." Nearly all the fifteen had managed to retain their sense of humor—though it is rumored that some things were less easy of retention! When the conferees reached Helsingfors they had opportunity to attend another Rotary gathering, a luncheon attended by 37 Rotarians who hailed from 13 countries. Rotarian Hemingway of Nottingham, England, presided.

### *"Stack o' Wheats" Club's Order*

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.—It is the practice of the Pittsburgh Rotary Club to give some sort of inter-club entertainment each year for the incoming district governor. Clubs throughout the district are invited to send representatives and the nature of the entertainment is always made specially appropriate with regard to the governor's personality, classification, or residence. Since Indiana County, home of District Governor George T. Buchanan usually ranks among the highest in the State for quantity of buckwheat raised, and Pennsylvania

leads the Union in producing this grain, buckwheat cakes figured prominently in the menu provided this year. Some 400 Rotarians were present and enjoyed the governor's 30-minute talk—as well as the cakes!

### Something Cosmopolitan In Gavel Marquetry

MASTERTON, NEW ZEALAND.—At the annual meeting of Masterton Rotary, Rotarian Peacock presented a novel gavel designed by himself and made by Rotarians Rigg and Nicol. It was intended that this gavel should be useful, ornamental, and of historic interest, so some details are warranted.

The dark half of the handle is of English oak, the light half, American. The English wood was taken from a carved chest dating back to about 1670. The joining of these woods symbolizes the reunion of England and America in Rotary.

The gavel head represents the chief British possessions. It is made of New Zealand kauri, and between the silver ferrules are inserted pieces of wood—ivory for Africa, jarrah for Australia, teak for India, maple for Canada and ebony for the West Indies. The ferrules bear the name of the club and of its first president; space has been left to record the names of future presidents.

A Rotary wheel in silver and enamel forms one end of the head. At the other end six small pieces of inlaid wood form by their initial letters the word "Rotary."

The central piece of inlay is of tulip wood. This was recently cut from a tree under which Samuel Pepys, famous diaryist, used to rest in his old age. He was Secretary of the Navy in the reign of Charles II and an early and enthusiastic member of the Royal Society which concerned itself with the furtherance of science and philosophy without regard to nationality.

It is planned to secure a small piece of wood from each country having a Rotary Club, and to inlay these pieces in the handle of the gavel.

### Tendencies in Advertising

(Continued from page 25)

were released, 24 separate pieces of copy were prepared, and in not one of them was a picture of his finished product shown. He is making high quality shoes and endeavoring to secure a larger trade distribution, using leading business papers in the boot and

shoe classification, and is presenting each month a piece of copy illustrating attractively a particular operation within his factory that builds quality into his shoes. Unfinished shoes appear in these pictures with a workman performing certain work upon them which the experienced buyer of shoes knows will give them lasting quality. The entire campaign hangs on the sentiment of the founder of the business expressed thus:

"No part of a first-class shoe, even if it is covered up, is trivial."

To supplement this trade-paper advertising, all of these advertisements

are printed on heavy paper in two tones of sepia ink and sent each month to a carefully selected mailing list, the mailings being made with the same regularity as the appearance of the advertisements in the trade papers. It takes two years to bring out all this advertising, and this manufacturer expects of it, not to create a definite demand for his product or to make direct sales, but simply to open the door to his salesmen and simplify the problems of selling. He has sufficient faith in his product, in advertising and the means of advertising adopted to believe that it will accomplish these results and



## 18th Annual Rotary Convention Ostend Post Convention Tours

**T**hos. Cook & Son, the Dean of World Travel Leaders, the largest travel organization on the globe—with a hundred branch offices in Europe alone—have been officially appointed to prepare for Rotarians *suitable travel suggestions* covering England, Scotland, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Hungary.

Our Official Program of these Post-Convention Tours sets forth a large number of glorious tours from two to nine weeks each. The itineraries, specially planned to provide the utmost interest, comfort and pleasure for the least cost, constitute the greatest sight-seeing and educational opportunities of modern times.

*Their value is so big no Rotarian can permit them to come and go without having gone upon at least one of them.*

Having served many hundreds of thousands of Travelers since 1841, we have the knowledge and the organization to accord you a superior service anywhere at any time.

Send for and read our program of Post-Convention Tours  
and then—consult us freely.

## THOS. COOK & SON

585 Fifth Avenue, New York

Philadelphia Boston Chicago St. Louis San Francisco Los Angeles  
Toronto Montreal Vancouver



with them attained he will be satisfied with the campaign.

Years ago, testimonial advertising, so called, used particularly as a sales influence for proprietary medicines was considered quite the thing, and was to a great degree successful. This form of advertising had its beginning in the days when letters were quoted freely, sometimes, it is feared, letters that did not originate voluntarily in the minds of those whose names were signed to them. These letters were devoted to telling of wonderful cures accomplished by this and that medicine, and almost invariably expressed a feeling of deep gratitude to the kindly manufacturer. This form of advertising took consideration of the principle that what one disinterested person has to say of a product is of more sales value than the arguments of the promoter.

TODAY, even in the best of advertising "copy" the same principle is adhered to, but most frequently in another form. For example, a manufacturer of building supplies prints a picture of a prominent building in which his product has been installed as an influence to get it into other buildings. The names of buildings and architects are used very frequently and with good effect in this sort of advertising.

Within the past few years an enormous business has been built up for a

product formerly used exclusively in household cooking. Certain medicinal values for this product having been established, it was decided to use in the advertising, a testimonial form of copy, but in a more original sense than formerly employed. Photographs, largely interesting snapshots of persons in various walks of life who have been benefited by this product are printed in general magazines and newspapers together with their letters. The advertising bears the stamp of absolute truthfulness and the page in the magazine containing it is usually as interesting as the average pictorial layout. In this advertising there has been a happy combination that makes the advertising of real human interest, therefore, it has been successful.

Since the war, European advertising has shown a tendency to become more like that of American advertisers, while on the other hand certain American advertisers of high-quality products have swung somewhat in line with the English idea of copy. An outstanding feature of English advertising copy is the strong reliance on the name of the house selling or manufacturing the product advertised. Because so many of these houses have histories of several generations, there is great value alone in their names.

Probably the most striking example of American advertising that follows this idea is that done by the most

famous jewelry house in the United States which appears in many class publications. Generous space is always used in this advertising and the copy itself is always limited to one or two words. The name of the house is displayed in this advertising ways, with the idea of keeping its quality and quality alone constantly before the public.

American advertisers of very expensive foreign automobiles have advertised to the public more or less generally, not because they believe the average person is a prospect for the sale of their motor cars, but because it is of value to them to have the public recognize the exclusiveness of their product. Most buyers of the highest-grade automobiles want people to know the richness of their cars, and manufacturers help to bring this about and keep it alive by advertising.

Advertising is being called upon to perform many works besides that of aiding in and creating sales. This great force is being recognized more and more as time goes on, and as people study into it and know more about it. Trained advertisers are realizing that as they put themselves in the position of those who will read the advertising, through carefully thought-out campaigns, they can demand of advertising more and more and get it to bring about outstanding results.

## Loot

(Continued from page 13)

"You shan't carry my trophy," she forbade challengingly, her dark eyes flashing with her provocative sidewise glance. "That's to punish you for being so dictatorial, cross Doctor-man."

Beauty—sure of itself, sure of its power, because it is beauty; beauty with its curious blindness to the emotions and instincts of others!

Finley was silent and unresponsive as they walked through the great hall into a courtyard before the tomb. The Parkers were waiting in attitudes of weary patience and Mrs. Parker called out querulously:

"Yizobel, for mercy's sake, stay near us so this guide won't have to tell us the same things over twice."

The guide began again in his placid guttural:

"In si' coff' hung hi' so no wat' get to coff'. Gran' fine bed, lots fine jew."

Mr. Parker was feeling very well satisfied. This time he was certainly getting his money's worth; the finest p'ai lou in China, the largest stone

tortoise in the Tablet House, the biggest sacrificial hall, the largest tree trunks made into the greatest number of pillars, the tomb of the most illustrious of the Thirteen Mings. Only one item seemed to be missing and he inquired suspiciously:

"Where's the old boy himself? Young-ho, Young-lo. . . what the devil is his name anyway? Where's he buried? Not coming all this way to see a tomb and then *not*. Get that?"

The guide waved a protesting hand towards the mound, half a mile in circuit, its summit thick with pines. Somewhere beneath it lay the body of the Second Ming. He pointed to the book which Mrs. Parker was holding half open:

"On a jeweled bedstead, with heaped treasures of gold and gems, in the hidden vaulted chamber."

Isabel's red lips looked moist, as if she were tasting.

"If only one could get into that sealed room and help one's self!"

Finley heard her vaguely. Something in the dumb, stricken disappointment of that child's face had arrested his attention. His thoughts were strangely occupied with the boy.

She came over to where he was standing. "The pines look cool and restful. Shall we two stop this tiresome sightseeing and rest awhile and talk?" This was Isabel at her most winsome, her voice liquid, her lovely lifted face as tempting as a ripe peach.

Physician and lover contended for mastery in his surprising answer:

"Will you wait just a minute, Beautiful? I must speak to that Chinese boy a moment."

"Why, he wouldn't even answer you when you spoke to him before! I do believe you have faith in that half-cracked fortune-teller or astrologer or whoever he was—the one who told you that you would be saved by a Chinese boy from a great danger that threatened your happiness! I suppose now you think every dirty little Chinese



"Did you see is your mascot in disguise?" she teased. "Hurry back, Doc, I'll start to dig down to that jeweled steed and get a little token from it—lo."

Lao San had stood still after they left him, fingering his dollar. Then a purpose grew in his mind: There were many, many loose tiles on the roof—if he could climb again and find another and sell it for a dollar, and then another and another until he had as many dollars to bring his mother as Second Brother had brought! If his mother always praised her Little Happiness when he went out with his small sickle and his basket on his back and brought it home stuffed with dried grass to be used as fuel (for in China nothing is wasted, not even a dead weed) what would she say to praise him when he came home today?

He limped sturdily along the courtyard to a place where a tree thrust its insolent way between the marble flags of the terrace. He climbed it and swung from the tree to the roof, with the agility of a monkey. Here one must creep very circumspectly to avoid being seen by the caretakers below, but they were occupied in arranging bottles of lemon squash and soda-water, postcards and photographs, and all their trivial array of wares, and nobody noticed Lao San.

He found a loose tile, badly scaled, but there was no time to pick and choose. With it hidden next to his body, he tried to make the jump to the nearest limb of the tree.

But when one arm must be used partly to protect the tile, and when one foot is twisted and cannot be wholly depended upon, that was much harder to do than to swing upwards.

SO it chanced that Finley came just in time to see the dangerous jump, and to run to the spot where the small body lay in a heap on the terrace, with the fragments of tile gleaming yellow against the marble.

"Don't move," he said gently, thankful that he could use the child's own dialect, "I'm going to take care of you."

A brief examination showed him that a rib and an arm were fractured.

The little fellow opened his hand. Isabel's dollar was still clutched in it. Now he answered the question which he had not answered before:

"For my mother," said little Third Brother.

Finley spoke slowly and distinctly: "I have come back to bring you the rest of the money for the tile you sold to the lady."

In the thin hands he placed the big silver dollars, one by one. The boy's lips moved, counting.

When the fifth dollar was reached, Lao San whispered, "As much as Second Brother gave her."

The sixth dollar, the seventh dollar—more than the rickshaw brother brought! A cry of pure rapture broke from the child's lips, his face seemed irradiated for a moment.

There was an eager movement as if he would raise his body towards that silver stream. . . . and the eighth dollar dropped unheeded.

As the doctor tore his handkerchief into strips for bandages, he saw Isabel coming across the courtyard. The guide had just said that they should start back in a few minutes, and Finley was stupidly wasting all the time they might have together.

Her annoyance at his eccentric behavior gave a sharp edge to her voice: "What on earth are you doing with that dirty little—"

She stopped short in sudden fright and gasped, "Is he dead?"

"No, dear. He is painfully hurt but not seriously and he has fainted. He fell from the roof. He had gone to find another tile."

"And I suppose you think it's my fault because I didn't overpay him for the first one? What are you trying to do now?"

"I can manage a temporary splint until I get him to Peking. Will you help me with him a moment?"

"Touch him?" Revolted at Finley's inhuman suggestion, Isabel let her growing tide of anger have full sweep. "That filthy kid with his sore head? I'd probably catch leprosy or some horrible disease. Much you'd care! Let his own people look after him. They're used to dirt and sores."

In the pregnant silence that followed, Finley stared at her as if he had never seen her before. Afterwards she remembered the queer way he lifted his head and threw back his shoulders—as if suddenly freed.

"As I shall have to see his mother and make arrangements to take him with me to Peking where he can be properly looked after, I won't be able to return with you. I am very sorry I shan't be able to see you off when you leave for Shanghai tomorrow."

Finley spoke mechanically. His face was colorless. The broken body of the child seemed infinitely nearer to him than the girl could ever have been.

Isabel hated death, illness, any close contact with any form of suffering. Her sole instinct was to get away from him and that terrible limp boy.

"Goodbye then," she said, backing a few steps away.

Between them lay the scattered yellow fragments of loot.



In asking recently for a sample of our "Vertex" File Pocket, a business house in central New York said, "Our papers have a habit of curling up at the bottom, instead of standing upright."

Folders were never intended to hold many papers, yet many are stuffed until their contents become curled, the front and back are pulled down, and the indexed name is lost from view. The natural separation of one folder from another disappears, and the quick selection of any desired folder is impossible.

This can all be remedied by using a



in place of every overcrowded folder.

"Vertex" File Pockets don't know what it is to contain curled or uneven papers, or to be crowded, or to slump down in the file, or to keep you waiting while your file-clerk runs the scales over the tops of twenty folders, trying to find the one you want.

A sample pocket in your files, with the papers placed in it from one of your present overcrowded folders, will show you how your files CAN look. The coupon below will bring the sample.

CUT HERE

Please send for examination and trial a free sample of Bushnell's Paperoid "VERTEX" File Pocket, as described in November Rotarian.

Name of Firm.....

Address.....

Name and Position of Person Inquiring.....

Letter Size or Legal Size Desired.....

To ALVAH BUSHNELL CO., Dept. A,  
925 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

## Books Worth While

(Continued from page 31)



### Just the Thing!

This beautiful Rotary Bell will add distinction and order to your meetings. It meets a definite need in every well ordered club.

A great improvement over the harsh gavel, for its cheery, yet compelling voice reaches every corner of the room and commands instant attention.

No. 29 R is 11 inches high, made of gold finished bell metal.

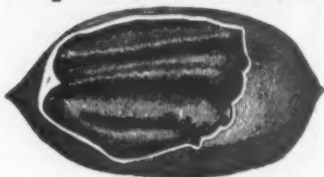
Complete with striker **\$25.00**

We carry a complete line of Rotary Emblem goods for all occasions.

Write for our FREE Catalog.

**Geo. E. Fern**  
1252 ELM STREET  
Cincinnati, Ohio

### Select Georgia Paper Shell Pecans



2-lb. Carton.....	\$ 2.00
5-lb. Carton.....	5.00
10-lb. Carton.....	9.50
25 lbs.....	23.50
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Delivered at your home or office. Parcel post prepaid and insured.

The transaction is not completed until the customer is satisfied.

**Georgia Paper Shell Pecan Co.**

Fred C. Loveless, Mgr.  
Musquawkie Farms Thomasville, Ga.

### More Than 200 Rotarians Accepted This Offer

WE have laundered a lot of collars for Rotarians and made permanent customers of them, through our offer to launder 6 collars FREE as a sample of our ability to restore the original appearance. We make this offer to you. Make up a package of collars and mail to us today. We will return them in our Handy Mailing Carton and tell you about our plan.



**COLLARTOWN LAUNDRY**  
169 Broadway Troy, N. Y.

colonization of the Dark Continent; and it would be well, too, if they did not interfere with and hinder one another, a fact which, as an accidental observer, I noticed in innumerable places." Those of us who read Dr. Ossendowski's "Beasts, Men and Gods" and "Man and Mystery in Asia" some years ago will find even a more matured achievement in this new book.



Breezy and as human as a personal letter to an intimate friend is Gordon MacCreagh's "White Waters and Black" (The Century Company). To read it is to feel that our knowledge of much of the world is but beginning and that jungle life, thus far but lightly touched upon the rim, holds before the trained traveler an immense field of exploration. For some years scientists have been peeping into the strange plant and animal life of all but inaccessible regions and reporting their experiences. The group of scientific men with MacCreagh threaded their way from La Paz in Bolivia to Manaos, at the junction of the Rio Negro (Black Water) with the Amazon. They found an abundance of new varieties of insects, fish, plants and wild animal life and encamped with foot-hill Bolivians who seemed to them to exist with as nearly nothing to do as Adam in the Garden. The scientists returned to their professional duties, leaving the redoubtable MacCreagh and two daring companions to continue their adventures up the vast water-soaked region of the Rio Negro and among the hostile Indian tribes that inhabit the jungle fastnesses of the river Tiquie, running parallel with the Equator. Diplomatically adapting themselves to wild Indian life, they gathered numerous photographs of the people and their habitat and secured the rare privilege of witnessing that strange Indian rite known as Jurupary-beating, wherein the chosen initiates are treated, in a naked condition, to a terrible flogging upon back and belly, inflicted by a long whip made of a flexible vine. The victim bears it all without a groan, receives the whip, and in turn inflicts the same punishment upon his punisher. It is all to test whether the devil may thus extort a single sign of pain from these Jurupary men. One rarely reads a story of travel told with the sincerity, thrill and enlightenment which MacCreagh succeeds in putting into his book.



Edmund Burke referred to the newspaper reporters in the gallery of the House of Commons as the appearance

of a Fourth Estate in England. In the United States there is a growing army of men and women saving a part of their income as a means of increasing their earnings. This is the widely distributed army of silent investors. What they are doing is so important that it is pertinent to call them a Fifth Estate. An increasing supply of serious literature is being written for the guidance of this great group of investors. One of the best that has been recently published is Jordan's "Investments" (Prentice-Hall Company). It is a book written for the small investor as well as for the investor with more means. The author writes with simplicity and much good sense about the whole field of investments—of the nature of stocks and bonds, of periods of depression and of financial recovery, of taxation of investments, of investment banks, and of safeguarding the investor from fraud. One of its good features, also, is its intelligent advice to readers of the financial page of the daily newspaper. The book will be a valuable guide to many who are saving their dollars but grope half-blindly in the great field of investment securities.

A still fuller treatment of the subject of investments is Kirshman's "Principles of Investment" (A. W. Shaw Company), written distinctly from the point of view of the economist and excellent for the student as well as for the investor. It is full and clear on all sorts of securities, from government bonds to real-estate mortgages and contains a good treatment of farm property, farm accounting, and sane comments on the value of farm property—one of the most elusive subjects both for farmers and for investors today. The book concludes with a useful dictionary of business terms. A third volume on this same subject is Rice's "Fundamentals of Investment" (A. W. Shaw). This useful book differs from the other two by the fact that the author, who is educational director of the Investment Bankers' Association of America, has chosen to have each of his nineteen chapters written by a separate author, in every case a business man, and in most cases bankers. It is not so much a book for the economist as the other two volumes; but as a direct and practical treatment of virtually every kind of legitimate bond available to the investor, it is invaluable to those who would be enlightened by the advice and experience of business men of wide training and responsibility. These three books make a fairly complete library for the study and direction of the Fifth Estate, a

class of people who need to study their self-interests. Every country seeks to have its tribe increase.



I have long been a student of history. I like to discover a volume in this subject especially well written. When John Richard Green wrote his "Short History of England" a bit over half a century ago, it was done so well that it is still looked to as a book for the historian to emulate. I have lately been enjoying another one-volume history of England written by a trained historian, a grandnephew of Macauley, and inheriting the tradition of his family both as a scholar and as a stylist. This is Trevelyan's "History of England" (Longmans, Green and Company). Within its 700 pages it gives a fresh and exceedingly illuminating record and commentary upon the outstanding men and movements responsible for the expansion and world influence of England and the empire. For a single-volume history of a great civilization, this book, based upon lectures given by the author at the Lowell Institute, Boston, seems to me to be the most notable since Green wrote. The busy reader of English history would do well to supplement this admirable volume with a series of little books by Hartley and Elliot on the "Life and Work of the People of England" (Putnam's Sons), which gives through a rich array of well-chosen pictures and brief text a highly interesting account of England's social and economic life.

## Mental Disarmament

(Continued from page 9)

gard to the beating of swords into plowshares that preachers and idealistic speakers and writers almost invariably omit the first part of the prophecies, which is fundamental and therefore the most important.

The Isaiah version, which is almost identical with that of Micah, declares:

And it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow into it.

And many people shall go and say, Come ye and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of His ways, and we shall walk in His paths, for out of Zion shall go forth the law; and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

And He shall judge among the nations, and they shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

You who read this have noticed, no doubt, that most preachers of the pacifistic type leave off the first part of this passage and begin where it says, "And they shall beat their swords into plowshares."

That is because they expect the world, by some mysterious means, to take a short cut to peace, *en masse*.

They seem to expect the successful consummation of a mass movement for world peace without going to the trouble of laying the foundation of good will among individual men, which is the *sine qua non* of disarmament.

The prophecies of Isaiah and Micah, for example, plainly show that a number of things must be done before peace can be established. The kingdom of the Lord shall be established first. It shall be exalted above the hills and all nations shall be a part of it.

How about this? Has the kingdom of the Lord been made the most important thing in the world? Do all the nations walk in His paths? Does the

law go out from Zion to all the world? Does God judge among all the nations?

The so-called civilized world has thus far refused to fulfill the preliminary conditions laid down in the prophecies. It has made only a few stumbling beginnings toward establishing lasting good will. And yet, with this prerequisite task not half accomplished, not one-tenth accomplished, it is ambitious striving these days to bring peace by the illusory short-cut method of beating swords into plowshares and by various other mass-movement schemes which ignore the factor of good will among individual men.

In contemplating the difficulties sur-



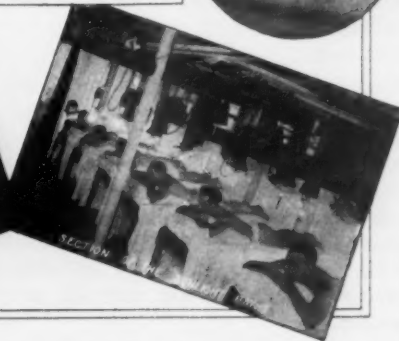
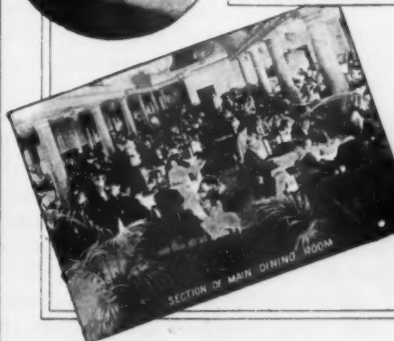
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rounding the disarmament movement, one is impressed by the fact that armament is a relative term, in more ways than one. Armament for one nation may be something else for another, as evidenced by the droll but pertinent remark of the delegates from Holland that "pigs are armament." And distance is a substitute for armament in some cases, therefore the effectiveness and significance of armament is affected by this highly variable factor. As stated elsewhere in this article, industrial mechanisms may be effectively equivalent to military mechanisms.

May we not, therefore, logically infer that a thorough-going program of disarmament is not practicably susceptible to an international accord, with each nation making its own degree of disarmament conditional upon the disarmament of other nations? Are we not driven to the conclusion that true, sincere, and comprehensive disarmament is essentially a program to be undertaken independently by individual nations according to their respective consciences? If so, the conclusion must be that mental disarmament is prerequisite to the physical.

Of course an international accord concerning a few outwardly visible and obvious forms of armament may be highly valuable with respect to the relief of the respective nations from tax burdens necessary to maintain large military and naval establishments. The writer would not for a moment minimize the desirability of thus lessening these burdens wherever and whenever possible. But this concert agreement relates more to a fiscal problem than to a peace problem. It does not reach the focal infection of the war disease.

THE writer is one of those who do not have faith in the League of Nations as originally projected and as advertised by its covenant. I do not oppose the general idea of the league, especially since it has taken a course tangent to its projected orbit. I merely believe it cannot succeed according to the original prospectus because it is a mass program as contrasted with the principle of building good will as a prerequisite.

Paradoxically, one of the strongest arguments used by those who advocate the League of Nations is that it has forsaken its original prospectus. Its covenant, which has never been altered since its adoption, is built around the philosophy of Article X which obligates member nations to guarantee all other member nations against external aggression.

Objection was made to Article X on the ground that this would necessitate

each member nation sending its soldiers abroad to fight the battles of other nations. Defenders of the covenant immediately retorted that there was no central supervisory power in the league to compel any member nation to do this; action was left optional. But that did not alter the fact that when a nation had signed a contract it was morally obligated to fulfill the terms of all its articles, compulsion or no compulsion. It could not violate its pledge without stultifying itself and the league.

Now this whole objection is brushed aside by the league defenders in the contention that the whole direction of the league has been changed, so that its philosophy is that of educating the world away from war, by publicity, by eradicating irritations, by promoting disarmament, the Permanent World Court, etc.

The writer, for one, is glad to endorse such a program, as far as it goes, although he still holds to the old-fashioned view that the United States should not sign the covenant as long as it contains an Article X or similar presumptively coercive provisions, since the United States admittedly has no intention of fulfilling the terms of any such coercive provisions. Events do not indicate that any member nation intends to fulfill those terms, for that matter. And if Article X is obsolete it should be expunged, not ignored.

At first I was one of those who were inclined to be skeptical about the effectiveness of the secretariat of the league. Considering the direction it has taken, I believe now that it is the most significant and valuable thing about the league, and the reason is that it is obviously an educational mechanism—a mechanism that tends to establish greater good will and better understanding between individuals composing nations, and thereby lays the foundation of a substantial peace.

In the "League of Nations News" for August, 1926, the heading of the first article is "The Secretariat of the League is Keystone in Structure of World Amity." The article begins:

"The Secretariat of the League of Nations is a body unique in world history. It is an organization composed of subjects and citizens of many nations who are working continuously together in the interest of world cooperation. In July and August, its 400 members have been and are toiling quietly, their important endeavor unsung in the public press, in preparation for the momentous Seventh Assembly of the League which is to be called to order on September 6."

As an instance of one of the activities of the Secretariat, the article cites the work of that body in the matter of the collection of opium traffic statis-

tics and the publication of governmental correspondence on this subject in the year and a half which has elapsed since the two opium conferences at Geneva. The article relates:

"In this sordid phase of world life, it has unhappily been the custom for one government to accuse another of fostering and protecting traffic in deadly drugs, for political or financial purposes. One government in a far part of the world has been known in the past to accuse another of certain back-handed operations, without being able to back up the charges by fact and without in actuality having understood the local conditions in the former's territory. For eighteen months now, the Secretariat has been publishing the interchange of correspondence between governments, as well as details of opium seizures and opium traffic. These documents are open to all and it is extraordinarily gratifying to note the progressive elimination of doubt and distrust, the clarifying of the opium issue, as revealed by these documents."

IT is pointed out further that the four hundred members come from thirty different nations. The activities are numerous, including investigation of the traffic in women and children, inland navigation, interchange of health officers, intellectual cooperation, university relations, World Young Men's Christian Association Conferences, International Scouts Conferences, Road Congress, Port Medical Officers' Interchange, etc.

The natural query is as to what connection these subjects and activities have with world peace. The answer is that the constant association and contact of representatives of thirty nations in common causes, under the constant light of publicity, is bound to bring about and further that wholesome educational propaganda which must be at the base of a rational world-peace fabric.

Still more specifically to realize this end there might be established a world university embodying the exchange-professorship plan, the Cecil Rhodes scholarship plan, the international students' forum and similar projects. Visualize the bringing together of ten thousand young men and women—potential teachers, lawyers, preachers, editors, publicists, business men, captains of industry, from all civilized nations, to batter away the rude corners of provincialism and realize that a worthy and legitimate patriotism can exist without that absurdly narrow provincial nationalism which leads to war. Let them study comparative religions and several languages, so as to be able to see more than one side of any given national question. Let them realize that the nation on the other side of a boundary line may be human, after all.

Even among the most enlightened diplomats and publicists of this day there may be seen a surprisingly over-developed nationalistic feeling, an over-sensitiveness in regard to ethnological distinctions which are often imaginary.

Then visualize these young men and women as they are assimilated into the world stream, going back to their respective countries to mould thought away from war and toward broad-mindedness and tolerance, through direct or indirect influence on the schools.

It is said—and the assertion is susceptible of demonstration—that the World War was begun in the public schools of the principal belligerents ten, twenty and thirty years before Liege was fired upon. Reverse the process. Educate toward peace instead of toward war, and the victory will be won. A world university would eventually exercise a profound influence upon the public schools of the world. It might cost the price of one large battleship. The price of two or three more battleships might provide the endowment. Wouldn't it be worth trying?

And what has this to do with Rotary International?

Everything.

**THE** Sixth Object of Rotary declares for the advancement of understanding, good will and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the Rotary ideal of service. Education is recognized as the chief vehicle by which this object may be realized. This education means the education of the oncoming generations as well as the education of Rotarians themselves. Therefore, Rotary International, if it is to be true to its name, should be interested in a world fellowship of tolerance, of instruction of young people toward peace and good will, of acquaintance, of intermingling upon a friendly basis, of gradually removing the causes of international irritation. And all this must be built upon the solid basis of individual good will in a multitude of contacts, for the chain is no stronger than the weakest link, and the mass will of a nation cannot be different from the will of its component citizens.

"Pacify man," said General O'Ryan at Briarelliff, "and his armaments will fall into disuse. Reduce his armaments either by agreement or force, and fail to pacify him, and he will break loose and fight when he wills to fight. If a people get the war lust and are organized and determined fighters under good leadership, and there is nothing to restrain them but lack of armament, they will either improvise their armament or take it away from some less martial people who may possess it. The real evil is the state of world relations which frightens people into armament maintenance."

Society must cease to be fascinated by phrases and by attempts to reform in the mass. It must get down to practicalities and do the hard work that is necessary as a foundation for peace. The fire under a boiler cannot be extinguished by holding back the hand of the steam gauge. It is the fires of hatred or suspicion or fear or imperialistic greed that cause the war engine to move. Armaments are only the indicators. The ultimate fires of war are found in individual human hearts and minds. Rotary International possesses the beginning of a way of putting out these fires.

**TO** develop this beginning, Rotary must be extended more and more in all the principal countries. There must be thousands of Rotarians in every country—not alone in the British Empire and the United States. The program of Rotary must stimulate the clubs in each country to hold educational meetings to learn things about people in other countries. It is not enough that this be done by a few clubs in the United States. It must be done by all clubs in all countries. International meetings, conferences, conventions of Rotarians must be held. The Rotary International convention must meet in various countries—not oftener than every alternate year in the United States. Rotarians must apply themselves to the study of languages of other countries or we all must take up Esperanto, so that we can talk together, write to each other, exchange impressions, ideas, sorrows, hopes, ambitions, good wishes—so that we can become better friends.

Meanwhile Rotary's Business Methods program must go on and spread throughout the world until all intra-national and inter-national trading is done honestly and considerately in the spirit of service to society.

At the same time, Rotary's program for reaching the boys must continue until every boy in the world is inspired to be a good citizen seeking to serve society, with love for his fellow-men.

Rotary has lived 21 years. Let us look forward to another 21 years—consecrated to an educational program for world friendship. It means giving of our time and our money. It means doing the things that the average man thinks he hasn't time for or can't afford.

The educational antidote for war is not the easy way of bringing peace. It is not a doctrinaire way. It is the hard way. But it is the only way, after all. All other schemes lead in baffling and unsolvable dilemmas and blind alleys. After all the hard work is accomplished, then it will be safe to beat swords into plowshares.

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## Paris—Well-Beloved City

(Continued from page 17)

The waiter caught on to "coffee"—"Café—Oui, Monsieur . . ." but rolls puzzled him.

"Don't you understand?" said the Englishman. "I asked for rolls—rolls—" and he loudly accented and lengthened out the word "row-ll-s," with the not uncommon illusion that to say a word loudly makes it the more intelligible.

Well, at last the waiter understood and the coffee and rolls were duly brought, and presently disposed of, so much to the Englishman's liking that he called the waiter again.

"They were very good," he said, "bring me more."

Of this speech, not unnaturally, the waiter understood not one word. The word "more" seemed particularly to puzzle him. He evidently thought it meant something different to eat or to drink, and he gesticulated his bewilderment.

"Now, don't get excited," said the Englishman, with utter, insular calm, "but pay attention to me. I want—more—MORE. Look . . ." and with his finger on the table he sketched out the letters in large capitals, naming each one with deliberation—"M—O—R—E"—as if to spell an unknown word makes its meaning any clearer—and he repeated the gesture. "M—O—R—E," smiling in that exasperating superior way so characteristically English, as though to imply that the waiter was an utter blockhead. By the employment of further dumb-show he at length got his "more," and settled down to it with great self-satisfaction, evidently chuckling over the absurdity of Frenchmen—who didn't understand English, not giving a thought to the absurdity of an Englishman who didn't understand French. Yet one would have taken him for an intelligent man—though it was a pity Charles Lamb was not there with his candle, to "examine the gentleman's bumps."

SUCH are the fatuous individuals, English and American, who visit Paris, Heaven knows why, and patronize its inhabitants, treating them indeed as if they were servants, and generally absurd and inferior beings, because they happen to be French, and don't speak English—and, I'm afraid, a good deal because "we won the war"—don't you know! Needless to say that there are plenty of English and Americans who blush for such idiotic and tasteless compatriots.

That admirable institution, the Amer-

ican Express Company, in the Rue Scribe, is a fascinating vantage ground for the study of this type of "Innocent Abroad." As you stand in line there for your mail, while the obliging, overworked officials are doing their best to expedite its distribution, and satisfy everybody, one hears samples of conversation which at once exasperates and delights the character-loving heart. To have to stand in line at all filled with wrath the capacious bosom of one American lady who was monumental enough to have been the president of a dozen women's clubs. She seemed to regard it as a deliberate outrage against her own importance as a citizen of the United States. No one ever stood in line in America! At which another American lady, whose delicate face was full of humor and who was evidently a friend of France, and spoke its language with exquisite ease, remarked to a companion that the irate club-woman's experience in her own land was evidently very much more fortunate than her own. This naturally did not mollify the monumental objector, who retorted that she had been two months in the country, and if she ever got back safe to the "good old U. S. A." she would never leave it again. "Yes!" chimed in one or two other sympathizers, "I guess we'll all be glad to set eyes on the Statue of Liberty once more." One couldn't help wondering why such gracious persons ever lost sight of it, or ever forsook their "good old U. S. A."—the goodness of which the present writer is far from questioning, having found it a hospitable and charming home for many years, and who only sets down these amenities of certain Americans abroad because they give so sorry an impression of the great country they are far from representing.

Two other complaints against the French one often hears on the lips of the Anglo-Saxon. They are mean, and they are not clean. They are "mean" because they have their own prices for things, prices which when one considers the depreciation of the franc, and the consequent high purchasing power of the dollar and the pound, should make both Americans and Englishmen of the most modest incomes feel something like millionaires: fifteen francs (roughly forty cents) for a meal that in New York would cost you at least a dollar and a half, not to speak of the marvel of good bottles of various "forbidden juice" such as champagne, port and sherry of anywhere around seventy and eighty cents, with good vin

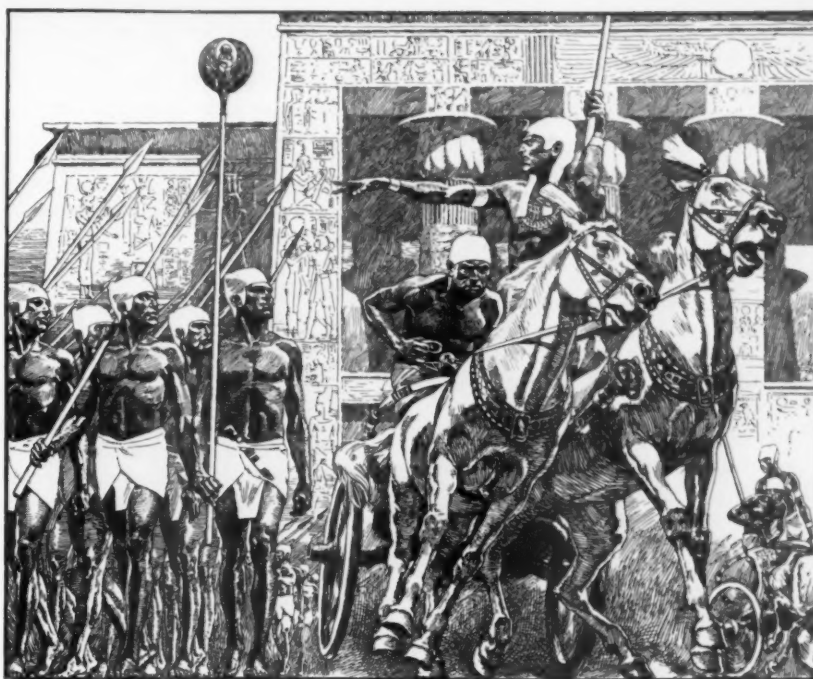


*blanc et rouge*, at from eight to ten cents! With large bottles of excellent beer at six cents! And all sorts of things accordingly. Of course, the French are thrifty. They are indisposed to give something for nothing. They are not a wasteful or carelessly generous race. They work very hard for their living. Personally I don't remember having been given anything for nothing either in England or America, or in Scotland, Judea, or even in Ireland.

There is, however, a generosity of manners about all their smallest dealings which makes shopping in France a lesson in courtesy. You cannot enter or leave the humblest French shop without a "*bon jour*," and an "*au revoir, Monsieur et Madame*," though your magnificent purchases have not exceeded two francs (less than eight cents!). But even this very courtesy is held up against the French by their ignorant critics. They are "too polite to be sincere," rudeness being evidently a mark of sincerity with the Anglo-Saxon. And what excessive "sincerity" should be expected to go with the purchase of a chop or a head of cabbage—except the "sincerity" of the goods delivered and the money paid for them? If we get a friendly courtesy into the bargain, surely that is something in the nature of "overweight," something that, at all events, humanises the little commercial transaction. It is surely time we understood that manners go deeper than the surface, and in an important social sense, are a form of morals. And, indeed, as for morals, it might easily be proved that the French people are higher than their Puritan critics, if for no other reason than because of their lack of hypocrisy.

AS for the French not being "clean"—the question reminds me of a New England lady whose only "reaction" from visiting St. Peter's in Rome was that she longed for a packet of "Dutch Cleanser," and to have gone down on her knees not in reverence, but with a pail of water and a stiff scrubbing-brush. This lady is not a fancy. I heard her say that myself; as only a few days ago I heard a young Irish-American from Philadelphia say that his only objection to the Riviera was that it was not clean, and that the quaint tortuous streets of such old mediaeval rock-towns as Cagnes made him home-sick for the straight streets of the Middle-West, with their trim "homes," numbered and polished, their "garden-city" lawns and pergolas, their steam-heat and open-plumbing, all so sweet and clean and so companionably alike.

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but why do such people visit St. Peter's or the Riviera? Why not stay where, literally, they belong?

As for French cleanliness, when you hear an Englishman or an American talk, you would think that water was an Anglo-Saxon invention, and that the far-flung bath-tub, which is perhaps, after all, their only contribution to civilization, was man's only way of keeping clean. Probably, in spite of their lack of bath-tubs, the Chinese and the Arabs are the cleanest races on earth, and one sometimes suspects that the Anglo-Saxon cold shower is no little of an imperialistic gesture.

But the old Latin proverb concerning the futility of argument about tastes obtained in regard to Paris as in regard to everything else. To criticise Paris, or to dispute about it, is a waste of time and energy. You either love it, or you don't. Some care more for London, some for Kalamazoo. It's merely a matter of taste in cities. So, with the reader's permission I will return to my window on the Quai Voltaire, and endeavor to set down some of my own feelings about Paris, which, as I have reason for thinking that they are shared by the vast multitude of its lovers, may have more than a personal interest.

It is, of course, possible to be happy in Paris without the possession of the historic sense. The sense for humanity alone is enough. At the same time, neither sense is complete without the other; for what is history but the record of humanity, and present humanity, particularly in Paris, being the sum of all past humanity, is but imperfectly understood and enjoyed without some feeling for its history. This is true, of course, of all countries more or less, but it seems to me that the continuity between past and present has been preserved in Paris to a remarkable degree. In some ancient cities, as, say, London or Rome, the past does not inhere in the people themselves. It stands lonely and alien in the form of such relics of it as have been preserved, much as mummies in a museum, or wild animals in a zoo. It seems to have no relation to the present. The Londoner of Chaucer's time, or the Elizabethan Englishman, have vanished forever. But with the Parisian you feel that in spite of surface modernity, taxis, electric lights, telephones and so forth, he is still the Parisian that built Notre Dame, the Parisian that crowded to hear Abelard lecture, the Parisian of Villon and Moliere, the Parisian of Bartholomew, the guillotine and the barricades, the Parisian of the Fronde and the Commune, the Parisian of Napoleon, of Balzac and Beranger, and not least the Parisian of Victor Hugo and Alexander

Dumas; in short, the Parisian who has made history for northern Europe, given it its civilization, invented liberty, fought so many battles for mankind, and laughed and sung and told tales so gallantly through it all—at once a clown and a tragedian, a soldier and a poet, a dreamer, and yet probably the most practical and sensible of created beings.

Again, this Parisian who is so like his fathers continues to inhabit a city which is virtually the same as that in which his fathers lived, and to inhabit it in much the same way. It is not true that old Paris is gone. Some precious old buildings have indeed been destroyed, some streets have vanished: the Rue St. Jacques—alas! is little more than a relic of what it was when D'Artagnan rode through it on his yellow steed. Yet a thousand old streets remain, and broad as were the avenues of demolition which Baron Hausmann cut through the city, they were, after all, no more than some new long slashes on a time-scarred face, slashes which leave its character practically unchanged. The vast mass of Paris is still old Paris, and so preponderant is it that everywhere the old dominates the new, absorbs it in spite of modern builders, the smartest shops and the most American hotels. It is, indeed, amazing that a city that has been subject to so much terrific wear and tear, a city, too, so accessible to, so creative of, the new, should have continued to preserve its original character, changing only, it would appear, by continuous organic growth, its "perpetual slight novelty" seeming, indeed, less innovation than congruous development—as a human face changes, and yet remains the same.

**MISTRESS** of all the arts, Paris possesses as perhaps no other city, the art of conservative change. One might almost fancy that the city possesses a conscious creative soul, for while it assimilates all that is valuable in the new it does it merely as the physical body repairs its tissues, rejuvenating, without injuring, its original character. It adds to itself, without losing. Instinctively it preserves its inimitable integrity. Through all the moons of change—it remains Paris. And to emphasize what I mean, contrast the case of Japan, where we see an ancient civilization that in becoming "modern" has lost itself. But such imitative "modernity" as Japan's—or Turkey's—is one thing. The "modernity" that grows organically from ancient roots is quite another. It is the genius and charm of France that she is the most modern of countries and the most ancestral.

So, generally speaking, the Parisian still lives in the old house of his

fathers, still finding it an excellent house to live in, tenably adapted to his needs and his habits, unsentimentally cherishing its memories, and merely, from time to time, adding to its comforts. The charm of Paris is indeed that of some old mansion, impregnated with humanity, made liveable and companionable by time, inspiringly haunted by its previous occupants, an old mansion to which a few modern conveniences have been added, and which loses nothing by "chauffage central" and electric light. No newly built house, however costly, can compare with such a ripened, humanised dwelling.

Those Americans who are fortunate enough to live in the charming distinguished "old Colonial" mansions of their forefathers, as distinct from those who live in costly residences on the Gold Coast, Chicago—and I am not depreciating the latter—will understand what an unconscious spiritual influence their old houses have upon them. Think then what it means for the citizens of a great modern city, so to say, to inhabit their Past, not just a privileged few, but the majority of them, to live in houses inhabited by their forefathers for generations, in the same old humanly irregular streets that have grown just as they are out of the needs and whimsicalities of human nature, grown almost like old trees rather than been built, mellow and companionable like old furniture, and bearing names that at every turn recall the great events and the great men that have made them a great people, names, too, beautiful in themselves, touched with the poetry of their race. Modern Frenchmen with their present-day cares upon them are not, of course, all the time consciously aware of the significance of the names of the streets in which they do business, or through the tortuosities of which they thunder in their great autobusses, driven with such nonchalant skill, but, because they take them for granted, it is not for nothing that such names are ever before them, just as it is not for nothing that the words of their social creed, so tragically won, and so influential for all the world, are painted large across the façades of all their public buildings: *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*. The streets would never have received such names at all had they not been made by citizens imaginatively sensitive to their significance, almost sacramentally reverent to the great formative moments of their history and to the memories of their national heroes, heroes of thought as well as heroes of action.

The names of the streets of Paris are something like French history in epitome, and no little of a dictionary

of national biography. To learn what they mean is to know the French people, for there is not one of them that is not a memorial tablet, or is not descriptive of the life, past and present, of the city. Terrible events such as one might think the Parisian would prefer to forget are kept ever before them, as in the "Rue du 4 Septembre," which, in its reminder of the "red fool fury of the Seine," contrasts so strangely with the lovely peace breathing from such names as "Rue des Saints Pères," or "Rue de Notre Dame des Champs," or "Rue du Vieux Colom-bier." If it thrills you or me as strangers to get about the city in omnibuses with "Bastille," "Sebastopol," printed on them casually as though their routes were "Fifth Avenue" or "Piccadilly Circus," think what it must mean to the reflective Frenchman, and perhaps even more, subconsciously, to the unreflecting Frenchman, who breathes and moves and has his being in an atmosphere impregnated with such dramatic suggestion, and where life is lived to so grand an organ-music of a history which is not merely the history of France but that of Europe, and, to a large degree, of humanity. "Citizens of no mean city"—Athens had no clearer right to that proud boast than Paris. And, as I have hinted, it is not by any means—military city though she had been since Caesar made it his headquarters—her martial victories, her soldiers, her kings or emperors, that Paris celebrates in her squares or streets or memorial statues. Rather her heart would seem most with the patriots, with her great "citizens," with her thinkers, her scholars, her poets, her dramatists.

Here at the corner from the window at which I am writing, the corner of the Rue de Beauve, is a restaurant and café, the menu of which carries the face of Voltaire, and on its façade is a medallion telling the passers-by that Voltaire died there, May 30, 1778. To Puritan Anglo-Saxons Voltaire is a name of evil, as though you said—the devil; but Frenchmen know his human and even his religious value. From this little café at the corner, doubtless, very much as it was in his day, that great funeral started, which was greater than the funeral of any king. "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

The façade of another café up near the Odéon Theatre, with its arched bookstalls, probably celebrates the fact that Camille Desmoulins once lived there. Higher up on the Quai Voltaire stands the statue of Condorcet, not far away from the statue of Henri IV that, there at the end of the Pont Neuf, seems to be "gasconading" still and

bidding you look out for Catherine de Medici in the Louvre on the other side of the river; here too you will find Alfred de Musset in lyrical stone facing the Comédie Française, near by the street with perhaps the most charming name ever given to a street, "Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie." Naturally, Paris loves her comedians, and, as I have had occasion to mention before, the street probably best known to Americans takes its name from one of the most typically Parisian dramatists, Augustin Eugène Scribe. A nation that remembers its comedians can never be in danger, just as a nation that continues to honor its great men will continue to be great.

In short, wherever one turns in Paris one meets with some reminder of the grandeur, the pathos, and the whimsicality of human destiny. That is one of its symbolic values. But, also, on every hand, it seems to be saying—How good is life!—What a fairy-tale! That is why it is so uniquely complete a city to live in, why every variety of human being is happy there—that is, of course, really human beings. Those human beings who are only happy when they are making other human beings unhappy—for their own good—well, even they are happy in Paris, for they find there so much natural joy and innocent amusement to condemn, while Paris herself smiles in amused tolerance, not forgetting that she has had similar bleak fanatics of her own—those good Huguenots, for example—and realizing that, in all caution the tide of human nature is rising, and is not to be defeated, inhibited or persecuted much longer by those who—

Compound for sins they are inclined to

By damning those they have no mind to.

To live in comfort, and to live in a fairy-tale: is not that the whole felicity of man? In no other city in the world can you do that as well as you can do it in Paris. There are many comfortable cities in the world, and there are some other fairy-tale cities as well, but there are few that are both.

One of the great charms of Paris, and its greatest paradox, is what, without exaggeration, one may call its moral simplicity. This characteristic of Paris would take a separate article to do it justice. Imagine goats being brought to your door in New York, and milked in your presence; this, of course, is one of the familiar sights of Paris, a city even more sophisticated than New York. The Arbiter Elegarum of the elegancies and luxuries of the world. Perhaps in their morning marketing the homely ancestral ways of the Parisians are best illustrated,

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and there is no more attractive sight than to watch the pretty young *bonnes*, with their market-baskets on their arms, doing the culinary shopping for the day, calling in at the *boucherie*, the *épicerie*, the *laiterie*, the *boulangerie*, the beautiful butter and cheese shops, and so on, in each enjoying those witticisms of bargaining so dear to the Parisienne's heart.

Even the smartest quarters of the city, such as the Boulevard des Italiens, and the Place Vendôme, have still this rustic side. Bakers, with long trays of two or even three-foot loaves poised on their shoulders, nonchalantly thread their way through the fashionable traffic, and fish-women cry their wares under the nostrils of visiting kings. Itinerant tinkers, knife-grinders, and wandering glaziers with squares of glass on their backs, ply their trades, with their strange melancholy cries, as they have done for centuries, and in the Rue de la Seine, one forenoon, I came upon a beautiful young woman, with elegantly coiffed hair, enthroned in a donkey cart, buying rags to the sound of a trumpet.

Donkeys, by the way, whose very existence we have almost forgotten in New York, play a considerable part in the life of Paris, and those friends of man, the horse and the mule, are by no means thrust aside by those unnatural beasts of burden whose life-blood is gasoline. Dogs and cats, also are friends with whom the Parisian cannot dispense, and they themselves seem to understand that they are living comfortably side by side with human be-

ings who know their value in the economy of warm human life. You cannot enter at any of those little wine-shops, where they seem to sell more coffee than wine, without finding a cat on the counter, and, I may add, without finding, too, a workman with fine manners, and a shop-girl on the way to her business, for your neighbors, both taking their *café au lait* and their *croissants*, with their feet democratically on the rail, and, not infrequently an unregenerate American or Englishman adding cognac or "rhum" to the national drink of France.

IT is this homely side of Paris which perhaps most of all takes one's heart. Its historic grandeurs, its great dramatic memories, its traditions of learning and all the arts, its innumerable distinctions, its fashionable gaieties, its human joyousness, all these are a part of its astonishing dream; but that these co-exist with the rusticity at which I have hinted makes Paris a city unique among the cities of the world.

How many little garden-closes there are which exist in the very heart of Paris, of which you only get a surprised occasional glimpse through one of those innumerable magnificent gateways which were once the entrances to aristocratic "hotels," unsuspected green solitudes in the noisiest and busiest quarters, with birds singing there in wicker cages and fountains playing. Even whole villages are thus hidden within the fortifications of Paris, walled and securely concierged, and protected still by their ancient privi-

leges—"homes of ancient peace"—inconceivable to those who have not discovered them as a child in a fairy-tale suddenly pushes open a gate into a garden of dreams. Inside those "villas" you will find rabbits in their hutches, doves cooing, pigs grunting, roosters crowing, goats and sometimes even sheep grazing, and cows rattling their chains in some dark manger of ancient stone filled with their soft breath.

This is the same Paris where ladies come from all parts of the world to buy their frocks, where gourmets pilgrimage yearly to worship at the shrines of the most illustrious chefs in Christendom, where all the frivolity and fashion, all the folly and wisdom, all the gaiety and tragedy, all the dreamers of the arts, and all their inspired talkers congregate as at the Mecca of civilization: the same Paris that includes the Sorbonne and the Bal Bullier, Notre Dame and the Ritz, les Halles and the Beaux Arts; the Paris of Caesar, Louis XIV, Robespierre, Charlotte Corday, Napoleon, Victor Hugo and Sarah Bernhardt; the same lovely and terrible and human Paris that dances the *carmagnot* one day, and the *can-can* the next. In this same Paris you can still meet a shepherd driving a flock of sheep under the walls of the Bourse, as you can still meet strolling players spreading their carpet, harlequin and columbine, and pantaloons taking a collection "*pour les artistes*" in his old battered hat.

Is it any wonder that Paris is the best-beloved city in the world?

## Rotary and Its Founder

(Continued from page 20)

not for the constitutional provision whereby members absent from their home cities may be credited with attendance if they attend a meeting of a Rotary club in some other city.

There must be some strong attraction to bring busy men out of their offices once a week, year in and year out. What would a minister think if every member of his congregation were to appear in his pew for even two or three consecutive Sundays?

It is not always convenient to set aside an hour and a half at noon-time for attendance at a club meeting. Attendance frequently necessitates cutting profitable business conferences short and it frequently necessitates

many miles of travel. There have been extreme cases in which attendance at important meetings has necessitated several hundred miles of travel. In the face of this evidence, we may fairly conclude that Rotarians think well of Rotary.

There are values which men rate above dollars and cents and at the top of the list stands friendship. The writer has been tremendously impressed at times, in the strength of the appeal which friendship makes to some people. He has also been amazed at the number of men to whom it appeals. It has seemed, in fact, to possess a common appeal for nearly all mankind.

Friendships thrive in the atmosphere of Rotary, where formalities and artificialities are brushed aside; where men, regardless of rank and station, meet on a common plane. It is customary in the United States at least, to use the first name in greeting fellow-members. It is not compulsory but quite general. The practice comes naturally to some while others acquire the habit gradually. The instances of men who try to adjust themselves to such informality and fail are few and far between. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the novice is happily surprised at the ease with which he acquires the habit and after the habit

(Continued on page 62)

## What Do You Know About Rotary?

Thousands of people — non-Rotarians — ask questions about Rotary. Every day or two some person asks YOU.

And you try to think up the right answer and usually you flounder around and admit you are making a poor attempt.

There are ten pamphlets published by Rotary International that will help you—that will give you the basis for any question that might be asked by a non-Rotarian—and will give you material for making statements about the organization. These are:

### BRIEF FACTS ABOUT ROTARY—

This pamphlet is published four times a year so that its statistics may be up-to-date. Printed in folder form, eight pages; convenient for vest pocket; written for non-Rotarians as well as Rotarians and excellent answers, in themselves, as to what is Rotary. Price, \$1 per hundred or 1½ cents per copy.

### AN OUTLINE OF ROTARY (Pamphlet No. 1)

This pamphlet contains the Objects, Platform, Code of Ethics and Resolution No. 34. 2c per copy.

### WHAT IS THE ROTARY CLUB? (Pamphlet No. 2)

Which is just what it suggests—an answer to the question its title asks. 2c per copy.

### SYNOPSIS OF ROTARY (Pamphlet No. 20)

It gives briefly a very exact history of the organization and some valuable statistics as to its growth as well as short but detailed statements as to how the clubs were organized in various countries. Also the objects, code of ethics, etc. 10c per copy.

### A GUIDE TO COMMUNITY SERVICE (Pamphlet No. 16)

Succinct and gripping statements of what community service consists and how Rotarians function in the community. 10c per copy.

### BOYS WORK ACTIVITIES (Pamphlet No. 18)

This pamphlet tells how a Rotary club may conduct its Boys Work successfully, how to make a boy survey of the community and many other interesting things about this branch of Rotary community activities. 10c per copy.

### RURAL-URBAN ACQUAINTANCE PROMOTION (Pamphlet No. 39)

Every club should be interested in developing a closer contact with its rural population. This pamphlet gives helpful suggestions and information as to successful methods for developing closer relationship between rural and urban population. Price, 5c per copy.

### MEMBERSHIP IN ROTARY (Pamphlet No. 17)

Membership and Classification matters are given careful analysis in this pamphlet—the classification principle being outlined in striking and understandable terms. 10c per copy.

### BUSINESS METHODS (Pamphlet No. 6)

This is a concise statement explaining the Business Methods program of Rotary International and giving a few concrete suggestions for the use of Rotary clubs in carrying out this phase of their work. Gratis.

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### A TALKING KNOWLEDGE OF ROTARY (Pamphlet No. 11)

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## Rotary and Its Founder

(Continued from page 60)

has once been acquired, embarrassment is at an end.

To the founder, Rotary seems to be in its infancy. Twenty-one years is a long time in the life of an individual but a brief time in the life of a movement.

Tremendous changes in the social order have taken place since the birth of Rotary. The influence of Rotary has been a force in many places. Business practices have undergone particularly marked changes and here the influence of Rotary has been strongly felt.

**U**NDER the old order, a business man had but one thing to think about and that was how to get money. Today, he faces a multilateral, not a uni-lateral problem. He who would succeed must think much faster and much deeper than the business man of past generations. He must stand four square to the world. He must be right with his customers, his employees, his competitors, with those from whom he buys goods, and with the public as well. It is no easy task and, yet, most of the outstanding successes of the present age, came as a result of the recognition of those manifold obligations.

The Sherman Act and the Clayton Act, designed to keep business within the bounds of decency, still remain as statutes of the United States; it is perhaps well that they do still remain for brigandage in business is not entirely of the past. However, in the main, the service ideal is gaining ground, business is assuming the dignity of the learned professions and business men are coming to understand that the first purpose of a business enterprise is to serve the interests of the public to whom its merchandise or its service is to be sold. Commercial structures based on this firm foundation are quite likely to weather the storms.

Business is no longer a hit-or-miss undertaking; men seldom play hunches any more. Nothing short of the most scientific methods will withstand the competition of the present age. Business establishments of today are better equipped for scientific research than the universities of generations past. The salvage of waste products enables big business of the present period to pay higher wages and heavier taxes than ever before and, at the same time, to respond to the hundred and one other demands made upon it.

The exigencies of the times have challenged the resourcefulness of busi-

ness and business men have risen nobly to the challenge.

We have learned at great cost that nations are interdependent; that the poverty of nations reflects against the prosperity of other nations; that goods can be sold only to nations which have money with which to buy. Benighted regions of Africa and India contribute little to the world's well being but they will not long remain benighted; the products of their soil and climate are needed and big business has already begun evangelization through commerce.

Material progress is more rapid than spiritual progress but it blazes a trail along which spiritual progress can follow. Trade should be the best means of promoting international peace and well regulated and honorably conducted trade is the best means of promoting international peace. Every honest machine and every piece of merchandise guaranteed by responsible men to stand up to the tasks expected of it, is a business missionary, a harbinger of good will, a promoter of friendship.

Rotary, the social movement which first came into being in the industrial metropolis, Chicago, less than twenty-two years ago is the pioneer which should lead to a better day.

The small organization which a brief score of years ago was content with its part in welding together a small group of men of diverse political parties and religious faiths, has outgrown its swaddling clothes; its successes thus far achieved give rise to expectation of great influence in the years to come. If Rotary continues to make progress materially and spiritually during the next twenty-one years as it has since its inception, it may safely be said that it will become one of the most potential influences toward international comity.

**T**HE founder of the movement is conscious, however, of the fact that eternal vigilance is necessary to the realization of what is believed to be Rotary's high destiny. Many movements have failed in the attainment of high purposes because of complacency. It is to be hoped that Rotary will never become complacent; there is too much serious-minded work in hand. There is much for Rotarian newspapers, publishers, educators, lecturers, preachers, authors, play-rights, theatrical producers, lawyers, and business men of all nations yet to do. Flames which have been fanned by un-



numbered generations are not easily extinguished. Red is the most discernible color on the horizon at present but generations as yet unborn, presumably are still to live here and there is room for hope that they, at least, will prove not to be color blind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Considerably more than half a century has passed since the summer night when grandfather, with his swinging lantern, met his son George, with his two boys, Cecil and Paul, at the railway station in Wallingford. Paul and his Scotch wife visited the old home during this present year. Few changes have taken place. The old house is as staunch as it was when grandfather built it on toward eighty years ago. There was the identical window through which Paul was wont to make his nightly escapes to join his waiting friends.

Paul thought of the grateful shade of the apple trees and of the long green grass, so cool to bare feet on hot summer afternoons. The butternut tree and the sugar maples were still doing duty as of old. He visited the swimming-hole where he and boys who

have lived their lives and passed on had set up their wonderful springboard on the rocks from which to dive down into the cold dark waters. He took his Scotch lassie to Fox Pond, where he used to skate and he pointed out to her the mountain road with its "Thank You Marms" down which he used to coast.

Then, of course, they visited the hillside cemetery where grandfather and grandmother rest together.

It's a wonderful world with its joys and its sorrows. Life invariably has its values if we will but find them. They are not in bank accounts nor in other earthly possessions.

The thing that looms up biggest to Paul as he looks back over the period of years is the patient, self-sacrificing devotion of the two simple old New England people who went down life's pathway together and who were so sympathetic with and kind to a certain impetuous, mischievous, yearning, dreaming, tender-hearted little boy.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last article of the series comprising the reminiscences of Paul P. Harris, President Emeritus of Rotary International and founder, in 1905, of the first Rotary club.

## Oklahoma—Today

(Continued from page 23)

and emerged from the dust-cloud, I looked back to view it as a whole, and felt that it had been painted in low tones by a futurist artist. This is the Oklahoma zinc country, less famous with the public than the oil fields, but almost equally responsible for the transformation of the past decade.

To see the oil fields, one needs go reluctantly past Tulsa. In all that land, one is never quite beyond sight of derricks. They stretch in rows as straight and regular as telephone poles; they crown like an Indian feather the distant hills. Finally, near that point where the Arkansas sets a border to the Osage country, the traveler beholds through the heat mists blown up by prairie breezes, a vision like a mirage of masts in the Thames. These are the clustered stacks of the Burbank field, tapping the great mid-Continental pool.

In the center of all this wealth lies Tulsa. As I approached it down a polished cement road, I knew the town no more than Peter Stuyvesant, returned from the grave today, would know his New York. Somewhere on the outskirts stands a row of four buildings with board awnings and false fronts—all that remains of the Tulsa to which the boys in the prohibition

Indian territory, tired of Peruna, used once to repair for a real drink. And you must hunt for them; they are lost in a city of skyscrapers, of big, first-class hotels, of cement highways stretching for fifty miles into the country which supports it, of rich, gardened mansions. The guide book I was carrying gave Tulsa 75,000 population. Indiscreetly, I quoted that figure on my first night in town; and was sat down upon. "A hundred and twenty-five thousand!" cried the whole company, "your figures date back a year or so." To view the business district or that Nob Hill where the oil millionaires have set their mansions and gardens, one would guess at a half million at least.

Tulsa boasted a few years back more millionaires than any other city of its size. Now, some of its newly rich, like Sinclair, have passed on to New York. Others have stayed by the country. Always you are meeting in hotel lobbies or cafés quiet men in ten-gallon hats of whom your gossip says afterward, "Rich as hell—and keeping it here." I skirted the activities of two such in my rapid tour of the district. Page—Charlie Page—who started with oil, lives and operates at Sand Springs, a suburb of Tulsa and virtually his

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Rotarians who have read Alice Wilson Oldroyd's splendid poems, "Rotary Friendship," and "A Rotarian's Prayer," in THE ROTARIAN, may be interested to know that greeting cards bearing these poems may now be obtained.

These cards with their attractive sentiment are printed on deckle edge white cards, and may be purchased at a price of fifteen cents each from the Hill & Breon Printing Company of Arkansas City, Kans.

own private property. Everything that Page touches turns to profit. Once, finding it hard to get cut flowers for his table, he started a conservatory. Now his greenhouses ship as much as a carload of cut flowers a day to the Kansas City market—and pay. His neighbors, guessing at his wealth, set it between thirty and fifty millions. And he is "in" every kind of industry known to Oklahoma. A creature of dazzling instincts, he works by following his hunches. That is only a manner of saying that he obeys the promptings of his subconscious mind—which is the formula for genius. He believes, they say, that the Lord will prosper him according to the manner in which he uses his wealth. He adopted a family of orphans a few years ago. That charity grew to an orphan's home—one could not justly call it an asylum—housing 150 boys and girls. On this enterprise he has used his instincts and his common sense; from all the Eastern universities sociologists come to study his methods. In logical sequence, he has added a home for widows; and they say that he has plans for the ultimate use of his whole fortune to the permanent benefit of Oklahoma.

On the edge of Ponca City in the old Cherokee strip, a great, garden estate looks across the Arkansas to the Osage Hills. It is modelled on the famous gardens of Versailles—clipped hedges, topiary figures, formal flower beds, fish ponds and everything. Marland owns this—Marland the Oil Man. The whole Southwest needs for him no further identification. His big, cool villa tops the rise above. To one side lies a golf links, sporty and beautifully garden. Nominally, it is his private course; practically, it belongs to Ponca City, for all who wish to play are free to make themselves his guests. To the other side, down two miles of river bottom runs a fenced area left in its primitive state. This is Marland's game-refuge wherein, before it is too late, he has set himself to preserve the wild fauna of Oklahoma.

PONCA CITY is a little Tulsa, as Tulsa is a lesser Detroit. When the government opened to settlement the Cherokee strip, it was not. Before the drills found oil, it was a cow town, center of what its citizens called the cattleman's paradise. By 1920 it had 7,000 inhabitants, and was building fast; now the Chamber of Commerce sets its population at 15,000. If the Chamber exaggerates, it will not be for long; Ponca is still building. Marland's is not its only new home; that graciously contoured bluff which overlooks the Arkansas forms now one long stretch of mansions and garden estates.

I once saw the city in a spectacular period; the Indians of Oklahoma were holding their annual convention. One day, every road across the Osage and Cherokee hills was gay with blankets and tinted plumes. An Indian expert stood beside me as these pilgrims flowed together and made camp at the fair grounds, reading off the names of their tribes by certain peculiarities of physique and costume. Pawnee, Kiowa, Creek, Seminole, Cherokee—these names I expected. But in and out of the crowd flashed representatives of tribes whom I thought but memories in frontier history—as Otoes, Kaws, Lipans, Tonkows. They came in every variety of vehicle from shining sedan, through flivver and buckboard down to rickety farm wagon; in every variety of dress from store clothes, varied only by a sombrero and a pair of black braids over the shoulder, to seatless breeches and leggings and gaudy blankets. On the straw of the wagon-beds sat young squaws carrying in wicker cases on their backs young papooses who slept through all the jouncing and the laughter. On a field across from the fair grounds they pitched teepees or tents, each tribe by itself. In a great horse-tent where the temperature rose to a degree intolerable for a white man, they debated common policies in a dozen Indian tongues. The management issued these teepee-dwellers a generous ration of beef. It was too much for present necessities. So the canny Indian housewives spent the first day "jerking" the surplus. By the time they pulled up tent-poles and departed, every teepee was festooned with strings of drying meat.

Across the fence lay a country fair on a large scale, with freaks, Ferris wheels, and catch-penny shooting-galleries. The one variant was an exhibition of old Indian handwork and relics, which included six scalps, taken from the white man in forgotten wars. To one, a century old, was still affixed an ear. Beyond, on an improvised stage, the Indians under a white director staged a historical pageant wherein they strove to show the Indian getting the best of it. In the big, new, city auditorium there was a concert whereat an Indian contralto with a magnificent voice rendered Verdi and Grieg, and a troupe of native professionals did Indian stage dances. But the real interest of the show lay in the encampment. On the night of the concert the Indian women, moved to emotional action by common sociability, rose up and swayed round the fire in that old "stomp-dance" with which, in the days of their grandmothers, they lashed up their men to the spirit of battle.

There was of course a procession. The full-bloods rode in feathers, blankets, and war-paint. The queen, her

maids of honor, and the princesses of the tribes, who lolled back in flower-spangled automobiles, had been chosen from that mixed-blood element which considers itself the aristocracy of Oklahoma. The convention finished with a banquet to the Queen and her suite.

HERE and now let me put myself on record. I have seen some of the great beauty-shows of the world—in San Francisco the matinee parade; in Madrid the processions of mantillaed Spanish ladies going from church to church on Holy Thursday; in London the show-girls of the Savoy; in Paris the Boulevard des Italiens on a spring afternoon; in Italy, vintage-time. But to the Indian princesses that I saw in Ponca City, I hereby give my vote.

Old timers of the white element had come out of the hills; one day I had luncheon with George Miller, a Rotarian by the way, who manages the 101 Ranch while his brothers go on the road with the show; Pawnee Bill who masks his fame under the name of Major Lilly, and Frank Rush; if I had my way, I'd be listening to them yet. Pawnee Bill and the 101 Ranch need no introduction. Frank Rush is that old-time cattleman and trader who several years ago took the job of preserving for Uncle Sam a herd of buffaloes in the Wichita Mountains. Like many of the old-timers, he fought the Indian once and cherishes him now. He lives among the Kiowas who, next possibly to the Southern Utes, are the greatest of all bead-workers. Rush is doing all he can for the Kiowas; as a means toward getting their wares advertised to the world. He holds every year a fair which 3,000 Indians attend. He had come out of his mountain for the first time in many years. That morning, he had visited that strange world—one-third old West, one-third modern intensified farm, one-third circus—the 101 Ranch. He had inspected their menagerie of lions, ostriches, monkeys, and bears, their acre on acre of flourishing fruit-trees, their section on section of cattle range, their up-to-the-minute poultry sheds, their private slaughter-houses. And as he sat down, Frank Rush was talking his visit over with George Miller.

"George," he said, "Last time I rode over the 101, the only building it had was that little sod-house of your father's. Today, I couldn't even make out the place where it stood, you've fixed things up so much. You might have saved that!"

"Things have changed a lot in my day," added Frank Rush; "When I used to hunt over this place, there wasn't a yard of barb wire between me and the North Star!" And he sighed.

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## Family Versus Home

(Continued from page 7)

The garments turn out amazingly well. The children are complimented on their appearance and more than once I have heard the question asked, "Where did you get that *sweet* little model?" But the credit should go to the "lady of the house." It is one of her hundreds of ways of fighting the battle and when I see on her face a certain tired look and hear her say "I have been dressmaking all day," take it from me, I know what it means. It means that she has been through about a dozen major-operations. Speaking agriculturally, raising a crop of home-grown garments is one of the most harrowing incidents in the field of Domesticity!

With my son the clothes problem is simpler. Additions to his wardrobe depend upon the state of the family exchequer, the urgency of the demand . . . measured by the fringe on his cuffs . . . and the selection of the most advantageous clothier. As to style, who am I to dictate to the younger generation. When I see his Oxford bags and plus-four knickers, his cunei-form sweaters and fringe-tongued brogues my thought is not what the well-dressed youth will wear but what won't he? 'Twas ever thus. How well I recall my own days of sartorial glory when I sported lemon-yellow shoes with toes like toothpicks and a skull cap with an eight-inch visor. My own Dad used to laugh at me then . . . but he let me have them. He probably made his own suit "do" for another season; it is a way Dads have, but my heart went out to one who said, "Thank Heaven, the time has come when I can wear my son's socks!"

The demands of my family for actual coin of the realm are mercifully small though naturally the ten-cents-a-week allowance that used to cause such wild-eyed enthusiasm is no longer sufficient. The recipients of what I give them are not grasping but merely responding to the demands of their age. Parents must remember that the cost of ice-cream sodas has doubled or trebled along with everything else.

Education is a much more important and expensive factor than allowances or even clothes. It is also one which, by its demands reacts directly on the maintenance of the old manse.

Inevitably the question arises as to whether, after a certain age, the brand of learning dispensed by the public school is enough. Shall the children be transferred to a private school or continue through the local "high" and if so is college thereafter desirable? . . . or possible?

My son goes to a boarding school.

The annual fee would just shingle the house but "he got the job." One daughter commutes to a day-school in the city while the younger twain are shining lights in the local "public." I feel that I ought to get at least that much out of my school tax. They get much the best marks. Their report cards are beautiful to behold though I note that they are particularly strong on such un-academic subjects as Health, Effort, Gymnasium-work, and Attendance. I can imagine them as growing up fine, healthy women, full of punctuality and pep, perhaps the forerunners of a race of female piano-movers. The marks of the two eldest suggest that eminence in scholarship is in inverse ratio to its cost, the higher the tuition the lower the stand. It may be better, it may even be necessary, to let the younger daughters graduate brilliantly from the local temple of learning rather than struggle against the higher standards of private institutions. Here, too, we see how the demands of the various members of a family conflict not only with those of their physical environment but also with each other. In education it is often first come, first served, with little left over for the later arrivals.

WITH their advancing years children become greater physical liabilities and this, too, has its effect on the home which is doing its best to hang together. Let me hasten to propitiate the gods by saying that my family has been blessed by an almost unbroken continuity of good health, as shown on the report cards. But there have been the unavoidable accidents, which, we are told, will happen in the best regulated families. We have had two broken arms, each being the same arm on the same child. The second break followed a neat "setting" of the first. That was the year, or one of the years, when we planned to put in the third-floor bathroom. The third-floor bathroom is an illusion of ours. We are always planning to put it in and something always happens. I see it in my dreams, sometimes, as Jacob saw his vision. I climb the ladder-like stairs to the third floor and there it is, all installed!—with a gold tub and jeweled faucets! Then I wake up. In its place we have some very fine x-ray photographs of my daughter's arm, before, during and after both knitting processes. Whenever I read that a play is to be produced with "a very expensive cast" I think of that arm.

Every family has to call in the oculist occasionally. Now-a-days if a child shows a strange disinclination to

do its home-work someone is sure to say "I think that child's eyes ought to be looked at." Now, there isn't a human oculist who would not prescribe glasses of some sort if a good healthy child is handed to him. He can always do something with his lights and his dazzling cards to make the child look cock-eyed for a moment and bing! out comes the prescription for glasses. Then comes the visit to the optician. The lenses may be only window-glass for all I know but all my life opticians have always managed to sell me the most expensive kind of framework for them. They assure me that bone or celluloid are no good. . . . they will not stand up. . . . nothing like the real shell. I have fallen for this shell game four successive times and will you believe it, there isn't a pair of glasses ever worn in my house! Not even a monocle!

Sometimes, when I see my offspring poring over their books, I lose my temper. I know this is hard to believe but it is so. My gorge rises and I feel that as long as I have bought all these glasses they ought to wear them whether they need them or not.

"I thought you were supposed to wear glasses," I roar. "Where are they?"

They are always somewhere else. When there is home work to be done they are in school, and *vice versa*. Just like me and my umbrella which is always at the office when I am not. Then I rage pleasantly for a bit about what I have paid the oculist. It would have rebuilt the front steps which are sagging to leeward. But there, there . . . I am glad their eyes are all right. Merely the act of buying glasses seems to have fixed them.

Teeth are a terror and a trial at all ages but it is during adolescence that they excite the most attention. I am again happy to say that the second edition of our family fangs have come in nicely, without gaps in the foreground or tushes in the king-row. Many families are not so fortunate and I have shuddered at the tooth-tales of some of my neighbors whose young are wearing the glittering harness incident to "straightening." This overweening interest in teeth is distinctly modern. Time was when the up-keep, or in-keep, of oral ivory was not thought much of. Teeth came and went at will, random-jointed, criss-crossed, large as the double-blank domino or small as a grain of Country Gentleman, tawny of tint, meerschaum brown or as green and mossy as a Cotuit oyster-shell. Those happy, gummy days are gone, as the modern parent knows. Not long ago a lady said to me, "We have our choice between a new rug for the living-room and having Lucy's teeth straightened." Her sad smile told me that she had al-

ready made the great sacrifice! Her grandmother would have had the rug.

And of course we have had adenoids, in season. No home is complete without an adenoid or two and, here and there, a tonsil. We had to patch up the old furnace pipes instead of getting new ones but our throats and noses draw beautifully and we are able to talk about the children's, which helps some.

WHILE all these things which I have outlined have been going on the house has been having troubles of its own which have been sadly neglected in favor of the family. After every rain the ceiling over the pantry stairs develops a large, damp map of South America. The plastering has come down once and been replaced, the roof above has been tinkered-with, new pipes have been installed, but ever and anon the map reappears. Occasionally I am awakened at night and told to listen. I do so. Drip . . . drip . . . drip . . . A voice whispers "South America." I rise, swearing wearily, and seek a saucepan to place on the stairs where I will forget it and step in it when I go down to light the gas heater. As I descend I repeat Lady Macbeth's prayer, "Out, damned spot." But it will not out and I do not dare have the carpenter, tinsmith and mason do a complete job. They would have to rebuild the house. Let her drip!

Home equipment, too, exhausts itself. China, at the hands of successive maids, gradually disappears. Our supply has reached the fine-mixed stage. We have three blue plates, four white and gold . . . very smart! . . . and seven decorated with dark-red nasturtiums, a virile design selected by myself of which fact I am frequently reminded. The purchase of house linen enrages the average man. It is so obviously necessary and so horribly expensive. Not until my head slips through a tear in a pillowcase do I consider that it has done its full duty.

Our furniture, praise be, has stood up nobly but there are worn lines on the seats of the dining-room chairs that I do not like. No child sits at table without curling up one or more feet and years of friction between sole and chair leather have left their marks. They ought to be done over, but then, there's the question of music lessons. . .

Darker portents loom in the disintegration of the vital organs of my mansion. Every once in a while the plumber shows me a piece of pipe.

"Look at it," he says. "All corroded down to nothin'. Every pipe in the house orter come out."

I turn away. The innards of anything affect me disagreeably.

"Do the best you can," I murmur, "and the least."

I have spoken of our roof and its



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attack of shingles. That too should be done over, at which time the gutters and leaders should be replaced. At present they look as if they were made of old point-lace. The effect is quite pretty.

But I am an optimist about these things. I do what I can and refuse to worry about the rest. For instance, when a shingle gives out entirely I replace it. I figure that at the present rate of replacement I will have a new roof in two hundred and eighty-seven years. There is a bright side to everything.

I never think of the way parents struggle and devise and carry-on through the difficult middle years without recalling an old merchant whom I knew in Connecticut. He was a family man and he ran a dry-goods store. Year after year he sold and saved for his family. He attended strictly to business but the upkeep of his shop, the building itself, was neglected. As he grew old it grew older, and it had been old when he bought it. His children grew up, married, and left home. He and his wife were alone. One evening he stayed late at the store and looked

about at the shelves piled high with stock, bolts of cloth and boxes of linen, solid, heavy merchandise.

"Tomorrow," he thought, "I will retire. I don't have to stay here any longer. The old place has served its time."

And as he went out he slammed the door and the whole building fell down!

It's a fact. The last vibration did the work. The floors gave way, the roof collapsed and the walls fell in, leaving the old gentleman unharmed on the steps.

I hope my house will behave as well. It too, in a way, is a place of business, the business of rearing a family. Sometimes, in the evening, as I sit in the chair that ought to be re-seated, surrounded by the walls that ought to be re-papered I look at the products which this business is turning out. And then I glance at my partner who runs the plant and she looks up at me and we know without saying it that we are engaged in the most absorbing and wonderful work in the world, the building of the next generation. And if there is any greater happiness than this, well, you've got to show me!

## New Zealand Buys Futures

(Continued from page 27)

paign plans were formulated. In addition to the general appeal to business houses, it was decided to make a special appeal to the employees, who numbered between 18,000 and 20,000, and were employed by some two hundred different firms. These appeals were assigned to the various members of the committee; most committeemen were appointed to go out and each one address the employees of two firms; some spoke to those of three or more industries; and a few of the larger plants were reserved for the attention of Director Clutha MacKenzie. Committeemen called on the executives, explained the plan, got permission to make addresses and frequently received other co-operation as well. The employees were told of the Institute's needs and asked to sign cards authorizing their employers to deduct a small amount from the weekly pay for a year, these contributions being duly paid over to the Institute through the employer's office. Standard verbal and pictorial appeals were arranged, and the subscription cards for the employees were printed together with vouchers for the weekly payments. These vouchers were used both for receipts and for further messages from the Institute's backers, and were printed with the cash secured from the advertisers who bought the space on the back of the vouchers. Scouts delivered the vouchers, so that the ex-

pense of this item was practically nothing. Other sources of revenue were studied. For example, a group of artistes offered their services at a concert and a Rotarian gave the use of a hall, and in this way another \$750 was added to the steadily growing fund. Other concerts and entertainments followed. Presently along came the American Fleet, and the fund was enriched by \$5,000 donated by the officers and men. The trustees of the Auckland Savings Bank voted the sum of \$25,000. The blind workers themselves raised about \$280. Subscriptions from approximately 200,000 employees reached a total of \$13,640, and employers had given about \$8,000.

Ten months later and there was a handsome Georgian building for the men of the Institute, and the campaign committee still had some money in hand. New workshops and a shop for the products were the next things in order. It was estimated that the total amount needed was \$200,000, of which \$185,000 had already been secured, and the balance was expected by the end of May.

So in this Blind Institute, founded 36 years ago, the inmates will carry on. Newcomers will learn to make baskets, mats, hammocks, boxes, to tune pianos. They will be largely self-supporting, if not entirely so, and more important, self-respecting. In addition



they will be taught to read Braille, and trained in those home duties and responsibilities necessary to normal lives.

"The blind do not ask for charity," said the Governor-General in his address at the formal opening. "They hardly even ask for pity; they ask, in fact, for nothing, for they are the people who are most averse to asking for help however much they need it because they wish to help themselves—and all honor to them for it! But because they do not ask for help, that does not entitle us to withhold our sympathy. Although the last thing they ask is to trade on us they do wish to trade with us. . . . I am sure that is a real way in which we can best show our sympathy with those who live here."

But practical sympathy can safely be carried beyond the exchange of services. So in August we find Rotarians of Wanganui planning a concert, the proceeds of which would go toward the purchase of musical instruments for this Auckland Institute. Apparently the suggestion had been made by Clutha MacKenzie and seconded by W. E. Herbert, then District Governor; and probably prompted action by various clubs. In golf they call this sort of thing "following through." Incidentally the regular activities of Auckland Rotary did not cease during this campaign—there was the additional pleasure of welcoming the American Fleet.

SO much for the citizens of the present. Now for the second chapter which deals with the inheritors of today's privileges and responsibilities. New Zealand has long been known as a country where babies have a better chance. Just how much better may be inferred from the low mortality rate cited at the beginning of this article. Reports of government statisticians show that only thirty of every thousand New Zealand babies die during the first month. This condition seems to be largely due to pre-natal influence, and the figure, though small, is unhappily persistent. But of babies aged from one month to one year, New Zealand loses only three or four in each thousand, and this is the period where proper care shows the greatest results.

Other countries are less fortunate. Similar figures for the Australian Commonwealth show a loss of 18 lives per thousand; for Great Britain, 15; for Canada, 24; and for South Africa, 23. Which explains why Sir Truby King, the physician chiefly responsible for the New Zealand record was "lent" to Great Britain and other lands so that his system of training nurses might be more widely known.

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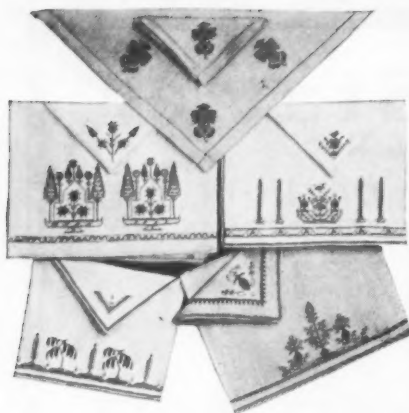
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in their city the work of the Plunket Society (which promotes this training) and of the Karitane (mothercraft) hospital was not receiving sufficient public support. Buildings so inadequate that two nurses in training were at times obliged to sleep in a tent, thereby releasing needed space for mothers, were all that was available in the city itself. Other centers, it is true, were established outside the crowded district but that was not a complete solution. Then there were other items—a \$15,000 mortgage, the need of \$10,000 for alterations.

All this was explained to Wellington by Mrs. Hosking, president of the local Plunket Society. As a result a special committee was formed and at their next meeting the Rotarians were informed that eight members of the committee had donated a total of \$5,000, had asked that the club raise another \$10,000 among its membership. The request was heeded, and with this amount in hand the Rotarians asked the Mayor to launch a public subscription so that \$100,000 might be available for mothercraft work.

Early in the summer of 1925 there was a big public meeting attended by the Governor-General and Lady Fergusson; by Sir Truby King, founder of the training work; by the Mayor, Rotarian C. J. B. Norwood; and by many leading physicians. The Governor-General pointed out the great benefits accruing from such endeavor, showed that money spent on making infants healthy was saved from the expense of making adults well, that the aid of trained nurses meant happier

parents as well as happier children, that it was hardly fair to complain of a lack of immigrants before making every effort to conserve the youth of their own land. Sir Truby King, announced the Governor-General, had given a two-acre site for the proposed buildings, what was the city going to do?

Wellington was going to do its bit—and did. Within a few weeks \$40,000 was subscribed. Other cities joined in the project. Rotarians of Hamilton collected \$5,000. The fund continued to grow. Everybody seemed to realize that healthy children in the homes meant healthy policies in government.

So just recently the plans were finished and Wellington Rotarians celebrated the completion of their work; Sir Charles and Lady Fergusson laid the foundation stone of the first Karitane Hospital in the world. That institution will be devoted exclusively to the care of infants and instruction in mothercraft; it extends the work of the Plunket system initiated by the Director-General of Health for New Zealand. Hundreds of nurses will travel throughout the Dominion to lend assistance to mothers and to give advice concerning infant training and food.

Rotarian Dr. Malcolm T. MacEachern, of Chicago, associate director of the American College of Surgeons, who was given leave of absence for work and study in New Zealand, declared that the new hospital was quite up-to-date, that Wellington Rotarians might be proud of the work to which they had contributed.

Thus New Zealand buys futures—and then follows through!

## Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST, 24, 1912.

Of THE ROTARIAN, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1926.

State of Illinois }  
County of Cook } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Chesley R. Perry, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and Business Manager of THE ROTARIAN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher: Rotary International, 221 E. Cullerton Street, Chicago, Ill.

Editor: Chesley R. Perry, 221 E. Cullerton Street, Chicago, Ill.

Managing Editor: Emerson Gause, 221 E. Cullerton Street, Chicago, Ill.

Business Manager: Chesley R. Perry, 221 E. Cullerton Street, Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owner is (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given); Rotary Interna-

tional, an Illinois Corporation not organized for pecuniary profit; no capital stock and no stockholders; Harry H. Rogers, President, San Antonio, Texas; Chesley R. Perry, Secretary, Chicago, Illinois; Rufus F. Chapin, Treasurer, Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only).

(Signed) CHESLEY R. PERRY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1926.

(Seal)

(Signed) CECIL B. HARRIS.

(My commission expires February 4, 1929.)



## Talking It Over

(Continued from page 29)

pen to be a member. You looked forward most eagerly to the next meeting of Rotary. You put the date on your calendar and had your secretary put it on hers to remind you. But you remembered it yourself without any trouble. This is all true, isn't it?"

"Of course it is. I see you remember how you felt when you became a Rotarian!"

"Yes, I remember." The Old Rotarian permitted himself to smile slightly. "Well, the next meeting you went to you had a subconscious feeling that the pleasant reception of the previous meeting would be repeated. Perhaps you didn't expect them all to stand up and cheer when you came in, but you had a sort of expectation that there would be a great welcome today—that the club was feeling rather good because you were elected. You came in to find various groups talking and laughing, just before luncheon. No one paid any especial attention to you. You sat at a table with a small group and they talked to you as much as to any one else, but, being new, you sat and listened more than you talked.

"You've been sitting and listening, ever since. We did everything we could for you when we made you a member of the club. You have received and read Rotary literature. You are just as much a part of the club as the oldest charter member, or the president. You are a horse that has been led to the water. But only you can make that horse drink.

"YOU have taken no part in our deliberations, except to eat, and applaud and pay? Your humblest clerk can do that, as well as you can. You are bored with your own company, and of course, bore others. Your dullest employee can bore himself and others. What have you contributed to Rotary that you should expect it to be anything in your life?

"Someone has to run the club. Someone has to lead. Someone has to formulate a program. And several someones have to take part in it. Have you any ideas about anything? Doubtless you have, but this is not a club of mind-readers. You have been attending this club for a year; did you ever know any one refused the floor who had anything to say on any question? You run an interesting business; yet when the program committee asked you if you didn't have a good talk in your system which

would be of value to the club, you said you didn't think you had.

"The club has given you all it can give to any man—an opportunity. There is no magic in Rotary. It cannot make men over without their help. It can, and does, give them a chance to expand in an atmosphere of brains, success, and unselfishness. If they haven't any expansibility in them, Rotary cannot help them. If a man is a 'gimme' instead of a 'lemme' Rotary has nothing for him, save what flattery he can extract from being a member. The gimmes want all the time—the lemmes want to work all the time.

"If you continue to feel as you do, your resignation would be of benefit to you and of great benefit to the club. You not only put self above service, but yourself above the club. You have taken what you could get, and given nothing at all. You have expected to be made much of, bowed to, flattered, patted on the back—you have done nothing to deserve it, and nothing to make it possible.

"Get on the floor. Have something to say. Say it. Get busy and work; do something. Be something; be not only a leader in your business, be a leader here. If you can't be a leader, be a follower, but follow, and follow with intelligence and enthusiasm. Don't stand still and expect the club to haul you along.

"Service above self" is not an abstraction, but a guide post, pointing the way. If you'll get into the state of mind, and follow the guide post, you'll find yourself suddenly in the middle of the real, inner, spiritual Rotary; if you merely sit and eat, and listen, and pay bills, and contribute nothing to the club, then you better get out and let someone in your place who isn't so . . ."

"Ouch! That will do, man, for the love of mercy!" interrupted the New Rotarian. "Who is chairman of the program committee?"

"I am. You ought to know it without asking."

"Do you think the boys would be interested in that story of my job, now? If they would, I'll have a lot of photographs, and a real story, two weeks from today. It'll take that long to get ready, and . . ."

"I thought you were going to resign!"

"Whoever told you that," was the firm answer, "was a badly mistaken Rotarian!"

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On March 8th, 1926, Rotary International sent a questionnaire addressed to Rotarians having membership in Rotary under the classifications "TOURIST AGENCIES," "TOURIST AGENTS," "TOURS," and similar classifications.

The purpose of the questionnaire was to ascertain the facilities offered by the Rotarians of their firms.

Based on the answers received to the questionnaire, Rotarians are notified that the following Agencies or Rotarians have been selected as the OFFICIAL TOURIST AGENCIES for Rotary Post-Convention Tours following the 1927 Convention. In view of the splendid arrangements and opportunities offered by the Official Rotary Tours, it is hoped that all Rotarians going to Ostend will make reservation for one of the Official Tours:

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The Post-Convention Tours Booklet of Rotary International has been sent to all the clubs in North America and the Official Tourist Agencies therein listed are prepared to supply detailed and descriptive itineraries of any of the Tours in which Rotarians may be interested. All arrangements for Post-Convention Tours must be made direct to the respective Tourist Agencies.

Walter D. Cline, Chairman

Convention Committee

Guy Gundaker

Raymond J. Knoepfel

R. Jeffery Lydiatt

Sub-Committee on Transportation Arrangements

# Just Among Ourselves—

—And Who's Who in This Number

THE October Number seems to have stirred up considerable interest. Comments are coming in with every mail. Many contributions are mentioned: the articles on Ostend, on the Longfellows' Club, William Moffatt's friendly criticism of things American, and the autobiography of Paul P. Harris.

Nor is the interest confined to the reading. Two writers have found suggestions for other articles; two editors have asked permission to reprint material from that issue. The Belgian consul in Chicago writes for additional copies and says "in fact the whole number is so alluring that I wish to become a Rotarian and to go to Ostend with the 'gang' next June!"

Also in October we had the first of a series of covers which will show famous buildings, statues, etc., in the various countries where Rotary is established. Some of the subjects are being selected for their aesthetic value alone, some because they are specially well known to tourists.

## Who's Who—in This Number

James Brown Scott, M. A., lawyer, editor, soldier, educator, and author was born in Kincardine, Ontario. He was a delegate from the U. S. to the second Hague Peace Conference. Among the many responsible posts which he holds are the following: President, American Institute of International Law; secretary, American Society of International Law; editor-in-chief of the American Journal of International Law; trustee and secretary of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

Elmer T. Peterson is the editor of the Wichita (Kansas) *Beacon*. He has taken an active interest in various peace movements. The Rotary club of which he is a member was one of the first to have a Sixth Object Committee.

C. D. Garretson of Wilmington, Delaware, is a former district governor and now chairman of the Business Methods Committee of Rotary International. He is president of the Electric Hose and Rubber Company, of Wilmington, Del., one of the largest rubber hose manufacturing companies in the United States.

Margaret Busbee Shipp has contributed travelogues to this and other magazines. "Loot," however, is a short story of human relations with a Chinese setting. There is a splendid Rotary thought in its applications.

The concluding installment of the autobiography of Paul P. Harris, founder

of Rotary, is presented this month. Paul sums up what he considers the important possibilities and tendencies of the organization which he launched twenty-one years ago.

Charles St. John is the pen name of a staff writer who has done much long-distance reporting of Rotary affairs during the past four years.

Richard Le Gallienne was born in Liverpool, England, and attended the college of that city. Afterwards he was "under articles" to a firm of accountants, but turned to literature. His wide reputation was earned by his essays, translations, criticisms, and editing, work which took him far afield and brought him in contact with many famous men.

L. E. Robinson of Monmouth College, Illinois, contributes another series of book reviews. History, biography, travelogue seem in favor at present, though there is some good fiction listed in the latest book catalogs.

Harry Botsford of Titusville, Pennsylvania, handles serious business topics with light but sure touch. This time he has something to say of the installment buying so prevalent in the United States. That well-known phrase "A Dollar Down" is not always a siren song, he believes.

George S. Chappell of New York City is an author and architect of New England origin. He took his B.A. at Yale and later attended the School of Fine Arts in Paris. "Family Versus Home" is a whimsical tale of problems which confront almost every household.

Will Irwin of Oneida, N. Y., is one of the best-known magazine writers and war correspondents. Since his graduation from Stanford University and subsequent writing and editing for Pacific Coast newspapers he has traveled far, has been awarded French, Belgian, and Swedish decorations.

Yusuke Tsurumi is engaged in municipal research at Tokyo. His article on "International Friendships" is adapted from an address at a dinner given by Tokyo Rotarians for American guests.

John W. Odlin is an advertising counsellor at Worcester, Mass., hence "Tendencies in Advertising" is based on first-hand information.

Lewis F. Jordan publishes a newspaper at Waynesboro, Va., one of three cities of that name which have Rotary clubs. "The Realization of Rotary Ideals" tells of Rotary's influence in one community.

**M**R. R. A. BASHAM has become a member of the staff of Ketchum Publicity, Inc. Mr. Basham is one of the most highly-regarded campaign directors in America. His experience is varied, but has been gained largely in service to colleges and churches. And it has been notably successful.



R. A. BASHAM

In announcing with satisfaction that Mr. Basham's relationship to this organization has been made permanent, attention is called also to the fact that the other directors, publicity managers and associate directors comprising our staff have been selected with exceptional care. It is our policy to be represented only by the ablest men in this field.

**H**EADS of institutions contemplating fund-raising activity are invited to write regarding their problems to Carlton G. Ketchum, Park Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. Correspondence and a conference—where it is found advisable—are without obligation.



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In the official travel booklet distributed at the Denver convention Temple Tours Inc. was listed as one of the firms selected to arrange post convention tours.

On July tenth we withdrew from this group and our tours therefore ceased to be official.

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